

YANKEE DOODLE

STORIES OF THE PRESENT WAR.

Issued Semi-Monthly—By Subscription \$1.25 per year. Entered as Second Class Matter at the N. Y. Post Office by Frank Tousey.

No. 1.

NEW YORK, May 11, 1898.

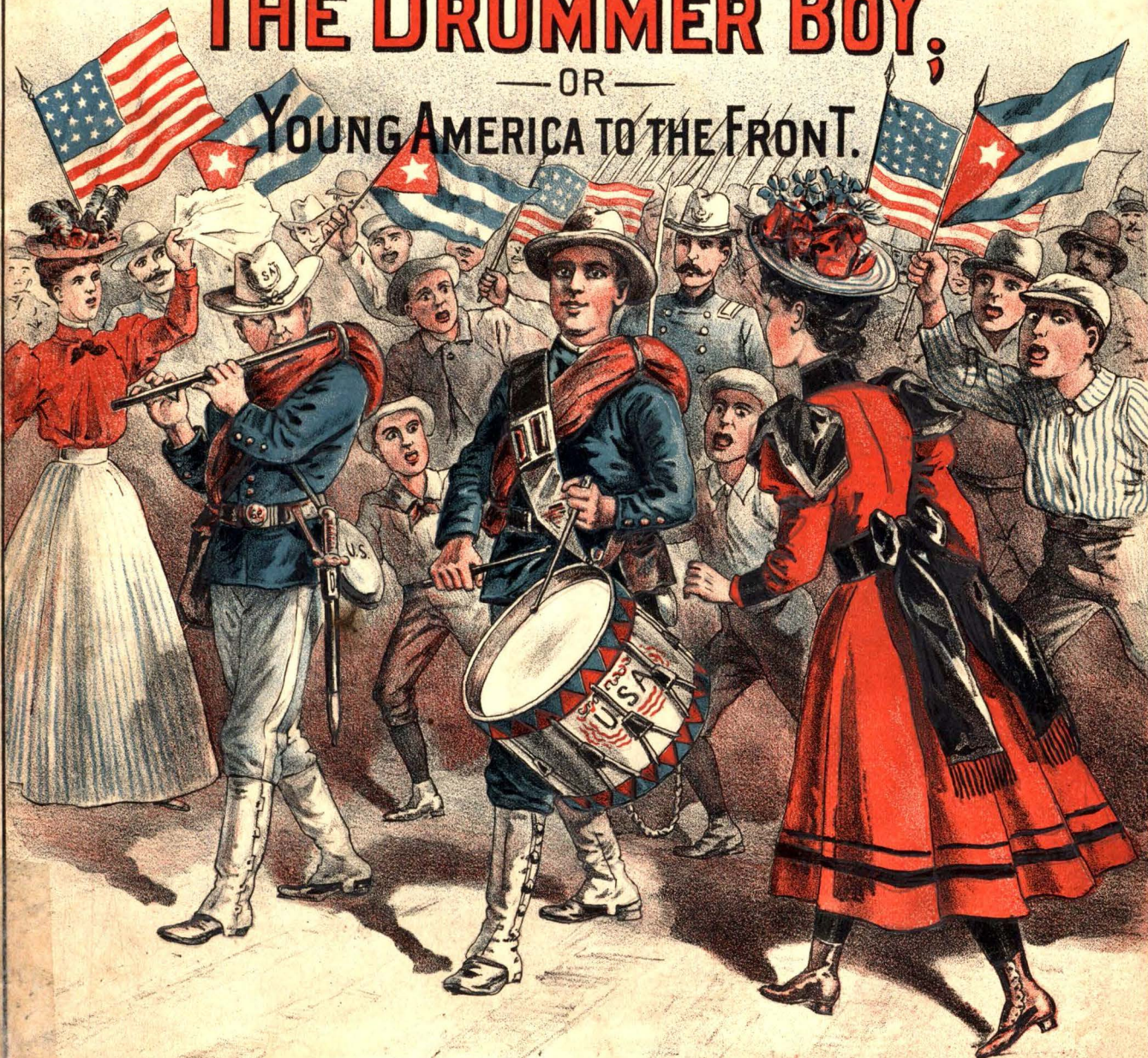
Price 5 Cents.

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THE DRUMMER BOY;

—OR—

YOUNG AMERICA TO THE FRONT.



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YANKEE DOODLE, THE DRUMMER BOY;

OR,

Young America to the Front.

BY GENERAL GEO. A. NELSON.

CHAPTER I.

THE REGIMENT OFF FOR THE WAR—THE DRUMMER BOY.

THE regiment was marching.

The roll of the drum and the shrill notes of the fife were heard above the tramp of the one thousand sturdy soldiers and the wild cheering of the one hundred thousand people who lined the street to see them off.

It was an inspiring sight.

The Stars and Stripes, which had waved one hundred and twenty-two years over the American people were now going to secure the freedom of another land.

The American Eagle had his wings spread for the flight.

Cuba is to be free at last!

Uncle Sam has heard her cry for help, and—God bless him—he is sending his boys in blue to help her.

The price of liberty everywhere is blood.

Men who love liberty will shed their blood for it—even when it is for other people in other countries.

Look at the brave men as they tramp down Broadway toward the ferry that will take them over to the waiting trains in Jersey City.

They are Americans all, strong and true, but not all men.

Look at that drummer boy at the head of the column—and the other boy with the fife!

They have manly hearts, but no beards, for they are scarcely seventeen years old.

But look at the drummer boy.

Thousands, yea tens of thousands are gazing at him now as the roll of the snare drum is heard.

How erect, steady, defiant he is in his neat uniform.

How proudly he marches.

Who ever heard a more perfect roll from the drum than that?

You can scarcely see the little drum sticks as he handles them.

Old veterans in the crowd gaze at him and yell as they hear him, remembering their own campaigns of the long ago—down South.

Now the drummer boy is going South, too—way down South—farther than any of the old veterans had gone.

They are going to Cuba.

Uncle Sam is sending them there, or rather, he asked them to go and they are going.

Say, boys! When our old Uncle calls us we go, eh!

We *all* want to go!

But he wants just enough to lick the Spaniards and send them home—out of this part of the world.

That's why we can't all go.

If we all were to go, the island would sink clear out of sight under us.

Uncle Sam has a big lot of boys, you see, and every one is game.

And they all want to get in a few blows to avenge our murdered brothers of the Maine.

Enough are going now for that purpose, and as the regiment marches down Broadway the brave fellows hear on every side, cries of:

"Remember the Maine!"

"Remember the Maine!"

"Yes!"

"Yes!"

"Yes!" came from the ranks.

At Canal street was a group of men, women and children—relatives of the drummer boy and the fifer.

"There he is!" cried a motherly-looking woman—his own loving mother, reaching out both hands as if

she would once more clasp him to her heart. "Oh, Phil! Oh, my boy!"

He turned his face toward her, giving her a loving look—but the roll of the drum never ceased a single moment.

A young girl of fifteen, his only sister, gave a cry and darted toward him at the head of the line, and was by his side in an instant.

He leaned over toward her and kissed her—but the drum sticks never ceased to send out the music that stirred the hearts of the tramping men behind him.

The young girl then wheeled and ran back to her mother on the sidewalk, and thousands who saw how bravely the drummer boy kept control of himself cheered wildly.

On, on they went down the street, the sound of the drum growing fainter as block after block was passed.

So dense was the mass of people packed along the line of march no one could follow the drummer, so he was soon out of sight of the little group who had come to see him off. All the way down to the ferry the same dense mass of people greeted them.

Not until the head of the column entered the ferry house did the drum and fife cease to fill the air with martial music.

Then the drummer boy drew a handkerchief from the breast pocket of his coat and mopped his face.

"I tell you, Joe," he said to the fifer, "it was hard work to keep from breaking down when sister May ran out to me. Mother was there."

"My mother was, too," said Joe. "I saw her waving a good-by to me, and I—I couldn't return it," and the brave little fellow's voice faltered and eyes filled with tears.

"I don't know how I managed to hold in as I did," said Phil, brushing a tear from his cheek. "I suppose it was a bit of fear for May's safety, though. It would have been dangerous had she stumbled and fallen."

On the ferry boat the men of the regiment caught sight of the Goddess of Liberty, down in the bay, with her torch high above her head, and burst forth in cheers that were heard far over the water.

Phil sprang up and accompanied the cheers with roars from his drum.

Then the men cheered him.

"That boy can come nearer making a snare drum talk, sing or laugh than any drummer I ever heard," said one of the men of Company G.

"Yes—he'll be the best in the whole army. I'll bet my rations on that," replied another.

"And he can throw more spirit into a martial air than any I ever heard," remarked a sergeant.

Then several members of Company A, who were in the front of the march down Broadway, told of the young girl's dash out to him in the middle of the street to his side. How he leaned over and kissed her good-by without losing a single beat of the drum.

"That's the spirit of a born soldier," said an elderly man in the uniform of a lieutenant. "Keep your eye

on that boy. He'll be right into the hottest fight we pick up."

"Yes—he's game every time," assented the sergeant.

Phil Freeman was the son of a widow over on the west side in New York City, seventeen years old, who had been the drummer for a Grand Army Post for a year. He was such a good drummer that the boys in the regiment agreed to pay him fifty dollars a month for the support of his mother and sister if he would go to the front with them.

He wanted to go, but being too young to enlist as a soldier in the ranks, he jumped at the chance to go as drummer. His duty to his mother would have kept him at home otherwise. Now she would not suffer in his absence.

His cousin, Joe Bailey, who had been playing the fife to his drum, went along with him under similar conditions. His mother was a widow, too, but had two other boys who would not give up their positions to go to the war. They were right. Some of the boys should remain at home to take care of mother.

Men who are true to their country will be true to their mother. Boys who stand faithfully by their mother will always stand by their country.

"All aboard!" rang out in the great car shed, from car to car, and each officer saw that his men were all on board.

The train moved out and went speeding southward.

Soon they were going at the rate of fifty miles an hour.

It was necessary for the American army to rendezvous quickly—some at Key West, some at New Orleans, some at Mobile, and by far the larger portion at Chickamauga, down in Georgia, the scene of one of the bloodiest battles of the war of secession.

From that point regiments, brigades and divisions could be sent off to any threatened point on either the Atlantic or Gulf Coast.

At every town they found a big crowd of people at the stations to see and cheer them on their way. The boys cheered, too, and fires of patriotism burned brightly all along the line.

At Washington there was a wait of half an hour to change cars. The colonel heard that General Miles, the commander-in-chief of the army, was coming to the station to see the regiment, so he gave the old, old order to:

"Fall in, men!"

And in less than one minute the one thousand brave fellows were in line and on the alert.

Each captain said to his men:

"General Miles, the commander-in-chief, is coming!"

Then every man was eager to see the general.

He soon came along, accompanied by a few of his staff officers.

It was an informal call, and the general did not suspect that his visit was known to the colonel of the regiment.

Well, the salute astonished him.

He stopped and returned it, his eagle eyes flashing along the entire line as he did so.

Then came the salute of the boy drummer and fifer with a fierce fervor, that caused the general to turn and gaze at the two boys.

Then he saluted them—those two boys—and quick as a flash they saluted again with a roar of drumbeats and piercing fife notes.

"Soldiers!" the general called out, "our country is to be congratulated on being able to have such regiments as yours in her service in a time of peril. I have seen such service as to be able to know soldiers when I see them. I pity the foe who appears in your front. If you obey orders and fear not you will be invincible," and then he saluted them again and turned to the colonel to shake hands with him.

"Your drummer is an expert, colonel," he remarked.

"Yes, general, the finest I ever saw, and as brave as the bravest."

"Bring him here. I would speak with him."

Phil and Joe were surprised when summoned to the presence of the commander-in-chief.

They both hastened forward, saluting as they halted before him.

"Phil, the general wishes to shake hands with you," said the colonel.

Phil doffed his fatigue cap and shook hands with him.

"And the fifer, too," said the general.

"Joe Bailey, sir, is his name."

"See here, boys," said the general, in a pleasant tone of voice. "You are of far more value to the regiment than any private soldier. The colonel will lead and give orders; the men will charge upon the foe even to the cannon's mouth. But sometimes the carnage is so great that brave men falter. It is then that the fife and drum braces them up—nerves them on again and to victory. They can be heard in the roar of battle when the voice of your officers cannot. You see, then, what an important position you hold in the regiment. Don't drop your drum or fife to fight, unless it is to save your lives, for the roll of the drum sometimes controls every rifle in the regiment. I wish you all a safe return to your homes after a glorious triumph."

Phil and Joe returned to their places filling the air with martial music, the two proudest souls in the command. It was an unusual condescension on the part of the general, and all the officers of the regiment were not a little surprised at it.

When the train was ready, the order to break ranks and board the train was given. The men cheered the general and scrambled aboard again, and were soon speeding southward.

CHAPTER II.

THE DRUMMER BOY AT CHICKAMAUGA.

WHEN the regiment reached Chattanooga they found other regiments coming in on every train, from

the North, East, West and South of our grand country.

Each regiment cheered the other, for they were all to march shoulder to shoulder against the Spaniards, and wanted to know each other. They didn't need any introduction to each other, so they shook hands whenever and wherever they met.

Chickamauga Park was seven miles below Chattanooga, below the State line, and many regiments were already encamped there. But there was room for all. The underbrush was all cut away, the older trees remaining, making it a vast grove, through which ran the Chickamauga river and numerous brooks. Splendid springs bubbled up from under the rolling hills, and the birds were heard in the trees everywhere. They were mating and building their nests, for way down there the spring had advanced till it seemed more like June, as it is known in the latitude of New York, than like April as it was.

The boys marched out and pitched their tents. In a few hours they were settled down housekeeping on the tented field.

"I want to see some of those Western regiments, Joe," said Phil, to fifer Joe, the next day. "Come on and help me do it."

The two boys locked arms and went strolling through the camp. They found regiments from the West and Northwest, composed of big strapping fellows, ruddy-faced and hardy, full of good-natured enthusiasm.

"Hello! New Yorkers, eh?" exclaimed a big six-footer from Missouri. "Reg'lar Yanks, and kids at that."

"Yes," laughed Phil, "the Yankees have come again."

"Yes, by gum, an' we've come, too! This time we go together, eh?" and the big fellow shook hands with them. "Purty young for soldiers, though."

"Oh, we lead the regiment," said Phil, laughing.

"Gosh! How's that?"

"Drum and fife," was the reply.

"Oh, yes! Wall, that's one on me," and he laughed like a horse almost at the joke. "We've got a drum an' fife, too, an' by gum, they beat all creation—ole man an' his son. Come an' see 'em—over thar, t'other side that hill," and he led off, the two boys following him.

When they reached the camp the big fellow called out:

"Hyer, Jim! Hyer's er Yankee drummer an' fifer!"

A tall, red-faced man of some forty years of age came to meet them. He was the fifer and had his fife with him.

"Whar's Bill?" the big feller asked him as he came up.

"He's erbout somers," was the reply, as the fifer looked at the two boys. "Are you boys gwine to Cuby?"

"Yes, sir," said Phil, "if the army goes we'll go."

"Gosh! The army is got to go!" said the fifer.

"We'll go, anyhow. We won't go home till we lick them Spaniards!"

The big fellow had gone in quest of Bill, the drummer—son of the fifer.

"I guess some of us will get a chance at them," said Phil. "The Spaniards won't go till they are licked."

"Gosh! I hope they won't," and the fifer had a gleam in his gray eyes that told plainly he was of fighting stock from way back.

"But if you do the fiffing you won't get a chance to fight," said Joe, speaking up for the first time.

"I won't, eh! I won't, eh! Wall, just lemme git close enough to kill a few of 'em, my boy, an' I'll do it or my name ain't Jim Ragland."

"But you'd have to stop fiffing to fight."

"Yes, of course. Ding it! I can't fife when they're a fightin'—kin you?"

"I don't know. I never tried it," replied Joe, laughing.

"I ain't never tried neither, but I know what I'd get if I got close to 'em—I'd get a gun an' sail in an' fife afterwards."

Phil was on the point of telling the old fifer what General Miles had said to him in Washington when they saw the big volunteer coming with the old fifer's son—the drummer. He was a youth of about twenty years of age, tall and gawky in build like his father, with light, gray eyes, almost white eyebrows and lashes, but withal an expression of fight in every inch of him.

"This is Bill," said the Missouri volunteer, shoving him forward. "Yer just oughter hear him knock 'Yankee Doodle' an' 'Hail Columby' outer the drum."

Bill had a proud look on his face when he heard the praises of the volunteer. He looked at Phil and asked:

"Do you beat ther drum?"

"Yes," was the reply.

"New York ridgement?"

"Yes—and here's my fifer."

"Lemme git my drum," and he went to his tent for his drum. In a few minutes half the Missouri regiment were crowded around the boys, having nothing to do at the time.

A Yankee drummer boy and his fifer was something of a curiosity for them, so they laughed and talked in a good-natured way 'till Bill returned with his drum. It was a well-battered affair, evidently the one he had learned his lesson on.

"Now, dad, give us 'Hail Columby,'" he said, and the old man tuned up with a shrill blast, and the racket began.

Phil and Joe had a time trying to hold in.

The Missourians cheered and yelled. One could get the run of the notes now and then, but harmony was as far away as the island of Cuba itself. It was more noise than music, but the fifer and his son were utterly unconscious of that fact.

When they ceased the volunteers cheered lustily,

and the big fellow who had brought Phil there slapped him on the back with:

"Thar! What'd yer think of that, eh?"

"Fine," said Phil. "Guess the Spaniards'll run when they hear you beating the charge—can you beat a charge?"

"No-o," drawled Bill. "Never heard one beat," and he looked up at the old man. "Did you, dad?"

"No," and the old fifer shook his head rather dubiously.

"Let's hyear yer beat it," said Bill, handing the sticks to Phil.

The old man offered his fife to Joe, who inspected it a few moments. Like the drum, it had seen service in a rough way, but was intact and all right. He put it to his lips and blew a few soft notes, like the trilling of a bird and then nodded to Phil, who began a march on the drum. Bill was holding it for him.

The notes from both drum and fife were so perfect that men all about them began keeping time with their feet, as if marching. There was no wild racket, like boys with tin pans on parade, but martial music.

Suddenly Phil sung out:

"Fix bayonets!" and the drum seemed to imitate the click of the guns as they struck the ground—the ring of the bayonets as they were affixed to the muzzles.

"Charge!"

Then came a roar like the rush of a host of armed men. The fife seemed to throw out notes of fierce, thrilling defiance, and men all round them clenched their teeth, their faces assumed expressions of fierce, blazing wrath, as if ready to spring at a foe.

Then came the clash of two lines of men in fierce combat. Men held their breath, as if gazing on a death struggle. Growls, as if two lions or tigers were fighting, came out of the drum.

"They fly! They fly!" cried Phil. "Victory! Victory!" and a roar of wild triumphant notes filled the air. The fife screamed like the eagle; the drum seemed to fairly shout its triumphant joy—and then changed to Hail Columbia, clear and musical. Every note went far and wide over the field, and the volunteers, unable longer to stand the strain, burst into a wild hurrah that rolled over the camp like a storm of the elements.

A thousand men had gathered around the drummer boy and his fifer, among them many officers of the regular army.

A colonel elbowed his way through the crowd to get at the two boys.

Suddenly the music ceased, and Phil handed the two drum sticks back to Bill, saying:

"That was the charge."

"Gosh!" gasped Bill.

"Gosh!" ejaculated the old man, as he received his fife from Joe.

"I can't beat no drum," said Bill.

"An' I can't play no fife!" said the old man.

"Where did you get that music?" asked the regu-

lar army colonel, who had pressed through the cheering mass of men.

"Out of that drum there, sir," replied Phil.

"Of course—but where did you learn that music? I never heard anything like it before, and I've been in active service for twenty years."

"Got it up myself, sir."

"The deuce you did. What regiment do you belong to—ah—a New York regiment, eh!" and he saw the number of his regiment on Phil's hat.

"Yes, sir," and Phil and Joe both saluted him.

"Well, that music would lead any regiment into the very jaws of death. It just knocks all fear out of a man."

"Thank you, colonel," said Phil, saluting again. "An American soldier should have no fear in the face of the enemy."

"Give me your hand, my boy!" exclaimed the colonel. "That sentiment is worthy of George Washington himself!" and he grasped Phil's hand and shook it warmly. The men cheered both, for the martial music still rang in their ears.

The crowd kept increasing, men came from other regiments, drawn by the cheering, to see what the attraction was. Then a group of officers got together, and the crowd thought they had received some war news of some sort. That kept them there.

Phil pulled Joe's sleeve and they slipped away unperceived, save by the old fifer. He followed them.

"Gosh!" he said. "How'd yer do it?"

"Didn't you see me?" Joe asked.

"Yes, but I can't do it."

"Oh, you have to learn how, you know. I had to, and a man can learn to do anything he wants to if he tries hard enough."

"I'll give yer ten dollars to show me how yer do it."

"Oh, I have no time to teach school now," laughed Joe. "It would take weeks and months."

"Gosh! I thought I knew how to fife, but I don't—no I don't," and he shook his head in a way that told of his surprise and disappointment. "An' Bill can't beat a drum, nuther."

"See here, now," said Phil, "you and all your regiment thought they had the best drum and fife music in the army, and were satisfied. Just go on trying to improve, and you'll soon find yourself catching on. The trouble is you thought you knew enough and didn't try to learn any more. Get rid of that idea and you'll soon be astonished at the things you never knew before."

They left him at that and went back toward their own regiment, laughing heartily over the incident.

On reaching their regiment they were surprised to find a crowd of visitors there from Chattanooga—a party of young people—mostly young ladies, who had come out to see the camp.

Being the youngest in uniform, the two boys naturally attracted a good deal of attention from the ladies. One lady with her husband, remarked:

"Just look at those two boys! They are too young

to go to war. Surely their mothers did not consent for them to volunteer."

Phil heard her, turned, raised his cap, and said:

"Our mothers gave consent to our going, madam."

"Surely then, they could know nothing of the perils of war."

"As much as most mothers know," said Phil. "I am a drummer and Joe here is a fifer."

"Oh, a drummer boy! That isn't so dangerous. I am glad you are not to be exposed as much as the soldiers will be. You are too young for that," and the two boys smiled at her feminine innocence of military knowledge.

CHAPTER III.

PHIL SHOOTS AND CAPTURES A SPY.

WHEN they had been two days in camp on the old Chickamauga battlefield, an order came for the regiment to go to Tampa, to join two other New York regiments there.

The boys cheered and went to work packing up at once, and in five hours they were in Chattanooga boarding the train for the far South.

The government had provided a fast train, and they went speeding on their way like a thunderbolt. Every town they passed through gave them an ovation. They cheered in reply, and threw kisses at the girls.

The next day they landed in Tampa on the Gulf coast.

There the Cuban cigar makers turned out by thousands to greet them, with cries of:

"*Cuba Libre! Cuba Libre!*"

Tampa has a large Cuban population, and every one of them is a patriot. They, too, were organizing to aid their compatriots.

The regiment left the train and went into a temporary camp on the outskirts of the town.

It seemed to them like being in a foreign country, so different was everything around them from what they had hitherto seen. The tall palms and magnolias were all about them. Orange and lemon trees grew everywhere, and the air was laden with the perfume of flowers.

"This is the land of flowers indeed," said Phil to Joe, as he looked around him. "Did you ever see anything like it?"

"I never did," said Joe, "and all Cuba is the same, I guess."

"It must be more so, as it is still farther south from here," replied Phil.

"Well, I don't blame the Cubans for wanting to own it, then."

"Nor do I."

They found but little chance to go about while in Tampa, as the general in command there was hurrying regiment after regiment to Key West as fast as the ships could take them.

Finally a ship was made ready for them and they went aboard. The wharves were covered with people

to see them off, and as the ship moved out into the bay the cheering was deafening.

It was smooth water all the way down to Key West. Not once were they out of sight of the pines and palms of Florida. The water was clear as crystal teeming with fish, while tropical sea fowl sailed on the wing all about them.

When they came in sight of Key West the cry of:

"There's the fleet! There's the fleet!" went up from hundreds in a chorus, followed by wild cheering.

The splendid battle ships were riding at anchor outside the harbor, and saucy little torpedo boats were here and there, like sleeping turtles in the water.

"They'll soon take us over to Cuba!" cried Sergeant McGuff, a brawny soldier of the regiment, "and then we'll go at 'em about that Maine business!"

"And we'll remember it, too, when we get to them!" sung out Phil, the drummer.

"Indade we will, me bye!" returned the sergeant, "an' we'll show 'em how we settle up that sort of thing."

The regiment disembarked in the midst of a wildly cheering crowd of men, women and children. Many, if not the majority, were Cubans. But there were other regiments there, and so many soldiers came to meet them.

When all were ashore, the colonel sung out:

"Fall in! Fall in!" and the rush was made. Such was the discipline of the regiment that every man was in line in less than two minutes.

"Right face—march!"

Phil and Joe struck up the quick step and led the way to the camp to which they had been assigned. Crowds followed, and everybody seemed to watch the drummer boy. His bearing was such they could not help watching him.

As soon as they broke ranks Phil and Joe went in a dozen directions, looking at scenes that were new to them. It seemed like a dream to them—down there in the tropics. They gazed out over the clear waters of the Gulf Stream as they plowed by into the broad Atlantic, and saw the great battle ships and cruisers riding at anchor, waiting for the order to come for a move on the dons.

"We'll soon be going over there, Joe," said Phil, pointing southward. "Havana is out there but ninety miles away, waiting for us to go and take her."

"But why don't we go? What are we waiting for?" Joe asked.

"I don't know. Our leaders know what they are doing, I suppose. We shall move in time."

They saw a man in citizen's garb moving about like themselves, but paid no attention to him. He seemed to be admiring the fortifications more than everything else.

But by and by Phil happened to notice that he, from time to time, used a pencil and a little note-book in a way that indicated a desire not to be seen doing so.

"Say, Joe," whispered he to the young fifer. "That fellow is doing something wrong as sure as you live."

"What's he doing?" Joe asked.

"Hanged if I know—but whatever it is he is doing it on the sly."

Joe turned to look at the man.

"Don't let him see you are watching him," said Phil.

By and by they saw him making entries in the note-book again.

"Say, Joe—I'm onto him now."

"What's his game?"

"He's a spy."

"Eh!" and Joe started as if stung at this close proximity to war operations. "How do you know?"

"Why, he is making notes, or else sketches of the fortifications about here."

Joe whistled.

"And he can't be doing it for our army, that's certain," added Phil.

"What ought we to do, Phil?"

"Arrest him, of course."

"Thunder!"

"Yes—we've got our revolvers."

"But he may have one also."

"Yes—but we can get the drop on him."

Joe shook his head, saying:

"He may not submit, and we then would have to shoot."

"Well, if we have to, we'll shoot," said Phil. "Come on—let's see about it," and he led the way toward the man.

Joe followed him.

He would follow Phil anywhere.

They went up to the man who looked at them, as if a bit surprised at seeing youths of such tender age in uniform.

"Do you belong here, sir?" Phil asked him, in a very respectful tone.

"Yes, I live here," was the quiet reply.

"Then you know all about the place, do you not?"

"Oh, yes. I am very familiar with Key West," and the man glanced all round at the splendid scene spread out to the horizon in every direction.

"Why do you make notes of the defenses here, then?"

The man started and gave him a keen, penetrating glance, saying:

"I am not doing so. I have business interests here and make notes of things that occur to me every hour in the day."

"I belong to the army, sir," Phil said. "War has been declared and this is a post of military operations. I shall have to ask you to go with us to our regimental headquarters."

The man smiled grimly.

"I would advise you two boys to return to where you belong and not bother citizens who live here."

"If you are a loyal American citizen you cannot object to going with us," returned Phil. "If you

refuse I shall at least doubt your loyalty and use force to compel you to go."

"What sort of force will you use?"

"This, sir," and Phil drew his revolver.

With a grim smile on his face the man remarked:

"I have a revolver also. I refuse to be interfered with by you. Clear out, now!"

Phil raised his weapon and said:

"Attempt to draw and I fire! Joe, go to headquarters and tell the colonel to send a file of soldiers here!"

Joe wheeled and ran as fast as his heels could take him.

Phil stood ten feet away from the man and covered him with his revolver.

"See here, my young friend," said the man. "This is an outrage. I am an American citizen, and you are subjecting yourself to liability to punishment for——"

"A good citizen would make no objection to going with us," retorted Phil.

"Well, put up your pistol and I'll go with you. A boy with a loaded pistol is always dangerous—as much to himself as to any one else."

"I have no fear of danger to myself. If you go now you will march in front of me."

The man rose to his full height, and put a hand into his trouser pocket.

"Stop right, there, sir!" said Phil, with startling energy. "If you'll try to draw your hand I'll fire!"

The man looked him boldly in the face, and drew his hand out with a revolver in its grasp.

Crack!

Phil fired, and the man gave a start. The revolver fell from his hand.

Phil had broken his arm.

He turned round three times, clutching at his arm with his left hand.

"Stand still, sir, or I'll fire again!" ordered Phil.

The man stood still, the blood dripping from his right hand, and glared at the youth.

"It is all your fault, sir. All you have said may be true, but you should have gone with me to prove it. I believe you to be a spy."

The man's face was white as death, and his eyes blazed with wrath. He stood there unmoved some twenty minutes. Then Phil saw Joe returning with a file of soldiers under a lieutenant.

The lieutenant came up and asked:

"What's the trouble, sir?"

"I've been shot by that boy, sir."

"Why did you shoot him, Phil?" the lieutenant asked.

"Because he drew a pistol on me. There it lies on the ground. I think he is a spy, lieutenant."

"Come with me, sir, and we'll investigate this thing. Your wound must be dressed."

The man went along under guard and Phil followed. Joe went along by Phil's side.

"By George, you shot 'im!" he half whispered.

"I had to. He drew his gun on me," replied Phil.

"What if he isn't a spy? You'll be punished."

"I don't know. He should have gone with us at first. We are soldiers in uniform and he should have considered that fact."

At the regimental camp the entire regiment gathered in front of the colonel's tent.

The man was searched. He had complete drawings of the fortifications of Key West in his pocket.

The colonel shook his head and sent him, under guard, to the commandant of the post with the drawings. Then he sent for Phil.

"You did your straight duty, my boy," he said to him. "The man is undoubtedly a spy."

"I thought he was, sir, the moment he refused to come with us. Yet I would not have shot him if he had not drawn his gun on me. I shot at his arm, sir."

"And hit it—a good shot," said the colonel. "When you have to shoot waste no bullets."

The fact that the drummer boy had arrested a Spanish spy, after shooting him, ran through the camp like a prairie fire. In a few hours everybody in Key West had heard of it, and Phil Freeman's name was on everybody's lips. The Cubans came out to see him in such numbers the colonel put out a line of sentinels to keep them away.

"*Viva Cuba Libre!*" they cried.

"*Viva Americano!*"

That evening at the sunset parade of the regiment Phil and Joe electrified the whole regiment with drum and fife. The Cubans listened in rapt admiration and rent the air with their cheers when the music ceased.

It turned out that the man was a spy and was locked up to await the action of a court martial. Both Phil and Joe were notified that they would be wanted as witnesses.

"We are in for it," Phil said to Joe, who was not so bold as he.

"Yes, it seems so."

"Well, it's war."

"They will shoot him if found guilty, won't they?"

"Yes, of course."

"Well, I hope they won't call us out to help do that."

"No danger of that."

"I hear he is not a Spaniard."

"He didn't talk like one."

"No."

He was not a Spaniard, but was a native of Spain, spoke English, French and Spanish with equal fluency. He claimed that he was an artist who made drawings which he sold to newspapers, and had no intention of doing a wrong to the cause of the country. But no one in Key West knew anything about him, and so he was in a bad way on account of conflicting stories he had told.

CHAPTER IV.

THE DRUMMER BOY LANDS IN CUBA.

THE arrest of the spy at Key West created a vast deal of excitement, and the drummer boy was spoken

of as a young hero of the right stamp all over the country. In New York a reporter obtained his picture from his mother, taken in his drummer uniform, and it was published in one of the great dailies, with a vivid account of how he captured the spy.

Three days later the paper was in camp and Phil was the hero of the hour. He and Joe had testified at the court martial, and the man was convicted and sentenced to be shot.

But the sentence was subject to the approval of the commanding general. So he was remanded until that official could be heard from.

In the meantime preparations to throw a strong force over into Cuba were going on. Arms and ammunition were to be sent to the insurgents under the old hero Gomez, and the first American troops to land over there were to take them.

Ships were ready, and everything was being conducted in a way to excite the greatest interest among those who did not know the plan of campaign.

The newspaper reporters were here, there and everywhere, getting news for the great papers way back in the big cities. The generals tried hard to prevent plans being found out and published. But it was a difficult thing to do.

But orders came at last for the regiment of the drummer boy to move. They were secret, though, and the colonel told his officers to be ready to move on five minutes' notice.

Then he sent for Phil.

"Don't you give a drum beat till I tell you," he said to him. "Tell Joe about it."

Phil suspected a move in the night and prepared for it.

Precisely at midnight the men were called up by guards, told to make no noise, and fall in at once, with everything needed in the knapsack.

In ten minutes the regiment marched down to a big ship while the town was asleep, and went on board. Other ships were being boarded by other regiments, and then they steamed quietly out of the harbor. Soon the lights of Key West were out of sight, and the prow of each ship was cutting the water southward.

The boys laid down to sleep by order of their officers, who told them they would eat breakfast in Cuba.

"Whoop! Gimme a fried Spaniard!" sung out a strong lunged soldier of Company B, and a roar of laughter followed.

Way out under the stars could be seen other ships heading southward, and the boys knew the invasion had begun.

When daylight came they saw the low lying shores of Cuba in the distance. They also saw one of Uncle Sam's huge battle ships which had convoyed them over during the night.

They gazed long at the shore as they neared it, some wondering if the Spaniards would be there to oppose a landing.

When within a mile of shore the ships dropped anchor and lowered the boats. The soldiers crowded

into them and were rowed ashore by the sailors. Back from the beach was seen a flag with a lone star—the flag of the Cuban insurgents. Ere the boats struck the beach a band of ragged, ill armed, swarthy fellows ran out from the woods in full view, and began to dance and yell like lunatics.

"*Cuba Libre!*"

"*Viva Americano!*"

"They are Cuban insurgents," said an officer in the foremost boat, and then the boys cheered, too. They did not fear treachery, for the grim dogs of war covered them on board the battle ship.

"Come, Joe!" cried Phil, the first one to leap from the boat into the water knee deep. "Hail Columbia—let 'em have it!" and the grand air rolled from drum and fife far over the woods. They march steadily ashore to the dry beach—the first of the American army of liberation to land in Cuba.

How the poor Cuban patriots yelled! They hugged each other in frantic joy. Phil marched steadily up to where they were, about one hundred yards from the water, Joe by his side, with Company A behind him bearing the flag aloft.

Every swarthy face was bathed in tears—and no wonder.

Cuba was free from that moment.

"Halt!" came from the captain of Company A.

They halted and then cheered for *Cuba Libre* in one mighty shout.

That broke the poor patriots up. They became frantic with joy. Some fell on their knees and gave thanks to God, the Virgin Mary and all the saints in the calendar; others ran to the soldiers and embraced them, and still others fell at the feet of the officers, tears pouring down their faces.

From Hail Columbia Phil passed to Yankee Doodle, and the stirring notes brought cheer after cheer from the boys of the regiment as they leapt ashore from the boats.

The colonel finally landed, and a Cuban officer met him and shook hands. That officer could speak broken English, and he welcomed the soldiers with tears of joy streaming down his face.

He led the regiment back into a beautiful grove of palms, where was an insurgent camp of about six hundred men, who were armed with every conceivable kind of arms.

But every man of them had a machete—and a terrible weapon it was.

Hundreds of them were rusty from blood stains!

There wasn't a tent in the entire camp—even the officers using brush for shelter—and they were a very dirty looking lot of fellows.

But they were patriots to the core—every mother's son of them, and had fought Spain at terrible odds for three years.

As regiment after regiment landed they were shown to places to camp, and the white tents dotted the grove in every direction. Then came the landing of the arms and munitions, provisions and equipments.

The general commanding at once consulted with

the Cuban leader, who was a Colonel Esperanza, and learned from him that a few scouts were out in the woods, but that no Spaniards were within forty miles of the camp.

But the general was not the man to take any chances. He at once sent out a strong detachment with Cuban guides to establish a picket line. When that was done the landing of arms and provisions went on.

How hungry those Cubans were!

How ravenously they devoured the rations issued to them!

Then came the distribution of arms and ammunition. As each man received his rifle and forty rounds of cartridges, he gave a yell of joy, followed by the cry of:

"Death to Spain!"

That evening they begged the colonel to be permitted to hear the drum and fife again as they heard it that morning. Phil and Joe were asked to oblige them, and the six hundred swarthy fellows, drawn up in line, were regaled with the martial music of the army of liberation.

The drummer boy and fifer marched twice the entire length of the line, thrilling them with the military airs that roared and shrieked from drum and fife. They had never heard such music before, and they regarded the drummer boy with as much awe as any officer in the camp.

The next day the ships had all disappeared, and the soldiers were left to hold their own against all the hosts of Spain then on the island.

Orders were issued that no soldier who could not speak Spanish should go outside the lines.

The detachments sent out as scouts were all commanded by American officers, but Cuban guides and interpreters went with them.

The roads were horrible, and when the army moved, it was plain that it would have to cut a road as it went.

But a movement was not contemplated just then. The landing had been made to encourage the insurgents, to let them know that arms, ammunition and provisions could be had of them for the asking.

Messengers had been sent to old Gomez, and it was expected that he would soon show up with his army.

On the third day Phil and Joe went out with some of the regiment detachment on scout duty. They wanted excitement, and were destined to have it in a way they little dreamed.

Their detachment was under a lieutenant, and consisted of sixty men, all armed with the terrible repeating rifle of the American army. Both boys had rifles, and were itching for a fight.

But it was not believed that a Spanish soldier was nearer than the trocha, which was forty miles east of the camp. None had been seen west of it since the landing of the Americans.

On that day the detachment passed a little group of cabins, where the swarthy women and children ran out and gazed at the Americanos in open eyed won-

der. Two very beautiful young girls gave Phil and Joe each a drink of water.

Neither of the boys knew a word of Spanish, save *senor*, *senora* and *senorita*. They had picked up that much and wanted to let the fair maidens know it.

"Thanks, *senorita*," said Phil, as he passed the guord back to the girl.

"Si, *Senor Americano*," she replied, with a smile.

Joe met with about the same thing, and then Phil remarked:

"Hanged if I ever wanted to understand Spanish as much as I do now, Joe."

"Nor did I," said Joe. "This is the prettiest girl I ever met, dark as she is."

"Just my case, too. Say, let's wait here till the detachment comes back."

"S'pose they don't come back this way?"

"Well, we can't get lost, for the road runs right into the camp."

"All right," and they sat down on a log which lay alongside the road in front of the little group of huts and began trying to chat with the girls.

Several old women at once seemed uneasy about them. They ran out and motioned to the two boys to go on with their comrades. They could understand that, and Phil said:

"I wonder if they think we are in danger or merely want to get rid of us?"

"Hanged if I know," said Joe. "I guess we had better see if we can overtake them."

"Too late now. They are a half mile away. We'll wait till they come back, or else return to camp."

The women spent half an hour trying to get them to leave, but in vain. Then they all withdrew to their huts, and closed the doors.

"I don't like that, Joe," said Phil. "I guess we had better get away from here. Come on," and they started down the road in the direction of the camp.

Crack!

A bullet whistled by Phil's head.

"They are after us!" he said, and the next moment a hail of bullets rattled all around them. They were both untouched.

"Come on!" said Phil, bounding away like a deer. Joe kept up with him. They heard shouts and soon saw a score of Spanish soldiers out in the little road in hot pursuit of them. They knew they were Spaniards from the uniforms they wore.

"Give 'em a shot, Joe!" cried Phil, and both stopped and aimed at their pursuers.

Crack!

Crack!

Two Spaniards fell.

Then the two boys ran again. But near a bend in the road they saw two big logs lying not more than four feet apart, where they had fallen years before.

"Get over here, Joe!" cried Phil, bounding over the log and crouching down behind it. Joe followed, and the enemy, seeing there were only two of them, charged with fierce yells.

Phil and Joe began pumping lead into them, and

they pumped fast. They were a hundred yards away at first, but on, on they came, and two fell out at every shot from behind those logs.

CHAPTER V.

"KEEP KNOCKING 'EM OVER, JOE!"—"YANKEE DOODLE!"

THE two boys had forty rounds each, and could fire their repeating rifles ten times a minute, if necessary. The Spaniards had the famous Mauser rifle—a splendid weapon—but they were all poor shots. They did not seem to understand the idea of "drawing a bead" on an object. They merely pointed the guns at them and pulled the trigger. The result was the bullets went wide of the mark. Some, though, were uncomfortably close, and Phil and Joe exposed as little of themselves as possible after getting behind those logs.

"Keep knocking 'em over, Joe!" Phil cried to the fifer. "Don't let 'em get to us or we are goners!" and both raised their guns, aimed coolly, and fired.

Two more Spaniards went down within forty yards of the two boys. The boys aimed and fired again, and again two Spaniards fell.

Then a wounded man called out something to the five in front that caused them to stop and look back.

What they saw filled them with horror.

Over a dozen of their comrades lay scattered along the road—some dead, some dying and others wounded.

"*Caramba!*" one exclaimed.

"*Diablos!*" and the five instantly became panic-stricken. They believed they had been ambushed—that an unseen foe had been shooting them down as they pursued the two boys.

They threw down their arms and cried for quarter in Spanish.

Neither Phil or Joe understood what they said, but the act of throwing down their Mausers they knew meant surrender.

"Great Scott!" gasped Phil, "just get onto that, will you!"

Joe was equally amazed, and did not know what to make of it.

They did not look at it from the standpoint of those Spaniards out there.

But they saw their comrades lying all along the road where they had fallen, and Joe said:

"We knocked over a few of 'em."

"Yes, and I guess that's what's the matter with those five out there. Say, hold up your hands!"

"Si, senors!" replied the Spaniards, not understanding them.

"What in thunder shall we do with 'em, Joe?"

"Hanged if I know."

"It won't do to shoot 'em?"

"No."

"And it won't do to go to 'em. They might jump on us. I don't trust any Spaniard to any very great extent."

"Nor me, either—hello! There come our boys!" and the detachment was seen coming down the narrow opening on the run. The Cuban guides had heard back at the huts that a party of Spaniards was pursuing the boys toward the American camp.

Phil and Joe sprang upon the log and yelled.

The boys yelled, too, and came on a run, leaping over the dead and wounded on the way. The five Spaniards stood still, their guns lying on the ground at their feet.

It was all the lieutenant in command could do to keep the guides from cutting them down with their machetes.

"We surrender!" cried the five Spaniards, one of them actually falling on his knees before the American officer, crying out: "Quarter, senors!"

They were at once made prisoners and then the lieutenant looked at Phil, and asked:

"Who killed those fellows back there, Phil?"

"We did it with our little guns, lieutenant," replied Phil, leaping down from the log and going forward.

"Come, now—you don't mean that!" exclaimed the officer.

"Lieutenant, I can't tell a lie. We did do it—they wouldn't let us alone."

"Then all I have to say is that such a thing may never be done by two boys again in a hundred years. I take off my hat to you, boys. Men, salute them!"

Every man in the detachment saluted them. Phil and Joe returned the salute, and then the men ran at them, raised them on their shoulders and made the welkin ring with their shouts.

When the Spaniards learned that only the two boys had been fighting them they were incredulous. They would not believe it. They told the guides that volleys from the woods had mowed down their comrades.

"By George!" exclaimed Phil. "I was so badly scared I didn't know what I was doing—but I kept on shooting, for I didn't want 'em to get me. Joe just pumped lead into 'em as fast as he could, too."

The soldiers laughed and cheered till they were hoarse. The five prisoners swore in Spanish and still insisted that a volley of one hundred shots had been fired at them from the woods.

The lieutenant ordered the rifles secured and the dead buried. The Cuban guides soon attended to that. There were four wounded men, one of whom was dying. They were taken charge of, litters made and the wounded placed on them. Half an hour later one died and the detachment stopped to bury him; that done the march was resumed.

When they reached camp the sun was just sinking out of sight in the sea. The presence of five prisoners and three wounded ones in camp caused no little interest, the soldiers crowding about to hear the particulars.

The story was soon told, and every officer in the regiment came to the headquarters to shake hands with the drummer and his fifer.

Phil laughed and said:

"It was the biggest scare of my life when I found

twenty Spaniards after us. We ran like rabbits. They chased us, and when their bullets rattled around us like hail I thought we didn't have long to wait, so we turned and downed two of 'em just to keep 'em from having the laugh on us when they got us. Then we downed two more and ran on, thinking we might see some chance of getting away. Then we saw those logs and got behind 'em. I'll bet there's fifty bullets buried in those logs. They seemed to hit everything but us. We felt that we had to die right there or else stand 'em off. When those five fellows got up in about forty yards of us, one of 'em looked back and saw the string of dead ones lying along the road. He said something in that confounded jargon of theirs, and all five threw down their guns. I knew that meant surrender, but I wasn't going out to get 'em. They are mighty slick chaps. I wouldn't shake hands with one of 'em for fear of some trick being played with the other."

The officers roared with laughter over his description of the fight. The entire regiment, having heard the story from the scouts, assembled in front of the colonel's tent and rent the air with their cheering. The Cubans also came to see and hear, and Phil was asked by a number to give the crowd some drum music. He consented, and his drum was brought to him. Joe had his fife, and they prepared to go at it. The moment he appeared the boys yelled and cheered.

"Yankee Doodle, Joe!" he said to the gallant young fifer, and that stirring air, which is so dear to the American heart, filled the air for a mile around.

"What is it? What is it?" the Cubans asked when they saw the wild enthusiasm of the Americans.

"Yankee Doodle!" cried hundreds at once, and then the swarthy fellows cheered, too, and began repeating the name "Yankee Doodle"—"Yankee Doodle!" till every mother's son of them was howling it at the top of his lungs. When the music ceased they kept yelling:

"Yankee Doodle! Yankee Doodle! Viva Yankee Doodle!"

The drummer boy, thinking they were calling for a repetition gave it to them, and with renewed energy. The swarthy fellows listened and cheered again. Then when Phil started to return to his quarters they escorted him—the whole Cuban crowd—crying all the way:

"Yankee Doodle! Yankee Doodle!" and did not cease till he was in his tent.

"Say, Phil, my boy," said the captain of Company A, "they have given you a name that will cling to you as long as you live."

"What is that, captain?" he asked, innocently.

"Why, Yankee Doodle."

"Thunder! Do you mean they were calling me Yankee Doodle all the time?"

"Yes."

"I can't believe it," and he shook his head.

"They got you mixed up with the tune, and your exploit was what they were cheering—not the music."

"Hanged if I can swallow that, captain."

"Just go out among them without your drum and see for yourself," suggested the captain.

He went out among them. A big swarthy fellow grabbed his hand and called him:

"Senor Yankee Doodle," and got off a string of Spanish which Phil could not understand. Then they rushed at him from all sides, eager to shake his hand, or touch his uniform, each crying out:

"Senor Yankee Doodle! *Viva Cuba Libre!* Senor Yankee Doodle!"

He tried to get away, but could not. They formed a solid wall about him, grasping his hand from all sides. A Cuban officer pressed through to his side and gave a few sharp commands that caused them to fall back. The officer spoke to them in Spanish.

"Comrades! Boy though he is, Yankee Doodle is one of the bravest of the brave Americanos who have come to help us make Cuba free. He and his comrade—the brave fifer—whipped twenty Spaniards to-day, killing twelve, wounding four and capturing the balance. Let all Cubans henceforth take off their hats when they meet him."

Every head was uncovered.

The officer then turned to Phil, grasped his hand and shook it.

"*Viva!* Yankee Doodle!" roared the crowd.

"That settles it," said Phil, turning to the captain who had accompanied him. "I guess I am Yankee Doodle while I stay in Cuba. It isn't a bad name, for Yankee Doodle is the son of Uncle Sam."

He went back to his tent and spent the evening talking to the officers of the regiment, everyone of whom came to see him. He had to repeat the story a dozen times. So did Joe, who said he simply stood by Phil to do whatever he told him to do. Phil insisted that he was so scared that he fought with but one idea, and that was the thought that the Spaniards would cut him down if they got to him, adding:

"I wanted to stand 'em off as long as I could—that was all, and shot to kill every time. Hang 'em! They don't know how to shoot."

The regiment paraded at sunrise, and the moment the Cubans saw Phil with his drum they cheered, crying out:

"Yankee Doodle! Yankee Doodle!"

The men in the ranks laughed. Then they cheered, too.

The brave exploit of the two boys merited all the cheers they could give them.

When the line was formed the colonel addressed the men, saying:

"Men of the regiment: The two youngest of our comrades have covered themselves with glory. The brave defense of Phil Freeman and Joe Bailey, against odds of ten to one, will live in song and story. We must emulate them whenever we meet the enemy, no matter what the odds, and add to the glory of American arms! The first duty of a soldier is to obey orders and fight to the death. We have come to drive Spain out of Cuba and our drummer boy has

shown us how to do it in the quickest way. It's 'Yankee Doodle's' way, and it's our way from this time on!"

How the boys cheered!

Phil and Joe, blushing like two school girls, helped out the cheering with drum and fife. The demonstration spread to the other regiments, and the rising sun beheld a scene of enthusiasm such as had never before occurred on the island.

The regiments were then dismissed, and the men went to their quarters and were soon engaged in cooking breakfast.

"Joe, we hit it just right, yesterday, eh?" said Phil to his fifer.

"So we did, 'Yankee Doodle,'" replied Joe, laughing.

"Oh, thunder!" exclaimed Phil. "None of that now!"

CHAPTER VI.

A DAUGHTER OF CUBA.

It was plain now to Phil, as well as to all the regiment, if not the entire army, that henceforth his name would be "Yankee Doodle." The Cubans had innocently given it to him, and no power on earth could correct it. His comrades insisted that he had won it fairly and should wear it.

Every Cuban in the camp took off his hat to him in passing. They called him "Senor Yankee Doodle," and really believed it was his name. But the heroic combat in which he had fought odds of ten to one made them look upon him as a marvel of daring courage.

The camp had been pitched there in order to open a channel of communication with Gomez and his army—to supply them with arms, ammunition and provisions.

The Spanish commander at Havana knew of the landing of the Americans, and at once took steps to prevent a junction of the two forces, hence scouting parties of Spaniards and Spanish volunteers were sent out into the woods to intercept the insurgent detachments who were trying to get to the American camp. It was one of those small parties that stumbled upon Phil and Joe. They had seen the American detachment near the huts, but dared not attack them.

That brilliant feat of "Yankee Doodle" told the general that the Spaniards were watching him, and as the Spanish forces on the island outnumbered his as much as ten to one, he became doubly cautious.

No more small parties were sent after that, fearing they would be ambushed and destroyed in the woods.

But it was necessary that the small bands of insurgents should be encouraged to come to the camp—assisted in doing so, in fact—so the New York regiment was ordered to move east toward the trocha and make its presence known to both Spanish and insurgent forces.

"This means hot work, boys," said the captains to their men, "so be ready for it. We move at sunrise."

The Cubans in camp were eager to go, too.

But they were not yet under the command of the American general. He had no authority over them.

But he asked their leader for guides, and fifty picked men were placed at the disposal of the colonel of the regiment. The majority of them could speak a little English.

They were eager to go with Yankee Doodle, and when Phil and Joe struck up that lively air on drum and fife, they fairly howled with enthusiasm.

Tents and other camp equipments and rations were carried on pack mules, a soldier leading each one to prevent a stampede in case of an attack by the enemy.

They passed the huts where Joe and Phil had first seen the enemy. The huts were still there and the women and children ran out to see them. The Cuban guides spoke to them in Spanish, but they seemed to be afraid to say anything at all.

But one of the young girls, the same one whose beauty had come so near proving fatal to the drummer boy, saw Phil and called out in Spanish:

"Senor Americano! They didn't catch you. I am glad."

"What did she say, Pedro?" Phil asked of an old Cuban who had been sticking to him on the march.

"She says she is glad they did not catch Senor Yankee Doodle."

"Well, I am glad, too," he laughed, "and I am glad she and her people here are still alive. Tell her so, please."

Pedro repeated it and she seemed pleased. The old man then told her how the two boys had destroyed the entire band of Spanish scouts, and said Phil's name was Yankee Doodle.

She looked at him in awe and admiration. He would have stopped to talk with her, but the regiment moved on. He extended his hand to her, with:

"Adios, senorita."

"Adios, Senor Yankee Doodle. God keep you from harm," she replied.

"Thunder, Pedro! Did you tell her my name was Yankee Doodle?"

"Si, senor. She says 'God keep you from harm.'"

He had to move on, and soon the little huts were out of sight.

Phil worked his way to the front again, and asked permission to go on with the guides. The colonel consented. He gave his drum in charge of a pack mule keeper, took his rifle, and went ahead with the Cuban scouts and guides, Joe by his side.

The swarthy fellows were overjoyed. Yankee Doodle was their idol now, and they were ready to die for him. Old Pedro kept by his side all the time. Lieutenant Mason of Company A of the regiment was in command. He was a young man of great courage, but of a jealous temperament. He became angry over the way the Cubans idolized Yankee Doodle, and left him unnoticed.

"Say, Freeman," he said to Phil, "you stop talking with these fellows. You interfere with their discipline."

"All right, lieutenant," Phil replied; "I didn't know they had any discipline."

"They haven't much, but they can't get the idea of it into their heads as long as you keep talking to them."

Phil told Pedro to tell them to attend to business and stop talking. The old man did so, and they at once obeyed, thinking it was an order from Yankee Doodle. The lieutenant noticed it, and felt like resenting Phil's giving Pedro the order he did.

"If you give any order to these men again I'll order you under arrest," he said to him, in an angry tone of voice.

"I did not give them any order, lieutenant," he replied in a very surprised tone. "I am too well disciplined to do such a thing."

"I heard you tell Pedro to tell the men to stop talking and attend to business. You have no right to tell them anything, unless I order you to do so."

Phil merely saluted, making no reply; but he was mad all the way through, more on account of the lieutenant's manner and tone of voice than in what he said. He knew it was intended to impress upon the Cubans that *he*, not Yankee Doodle, was in command there.

There were a number of Cubans in the party who understood English quite well, and they repeated to them what the lieutenant had said to Yankee Doodle. They, in turn, gave the young officer glances that made him feel anyway but comfortable.

An hour later they were met by a young Cuban girl on horseback. She had been riding hard, as her horse was covered with foam.

When she saw the Cubans she was almost in a panic, being in doubt as to their status. But when she saw Phil, who happened to be in the advance at that moment, she recognized the American uniform.

"Oh, Senor Americano!" she cried in good English. "I am so glad to see you! I am looking for the American army."

"We are part of that army, senorita," Phil replied, making her a low bow.

"Oh, I am so glad! Send word to your general at once that the captain-general has sent a force to crush him. Are you an officer?"

"No, senorita. I am——"

"He is Senor Yankee Doodle, senorita," said old Pedro, "the bravest man in the army."

She looked at Phil and smiled.

She had been in New York many a time, being the daughter of a rich Cuban planter, and knew all about Yankee Doodle and other Americanisms. But she did not quite understand old Pedro's meaning.

Phil was about to explain to her when Lieutenant Mason rode up. Said Phil:

"Senorita, this is Lieutenant Mason, of the American army, who is in command of these scouts."

She bowed, and the young officer raised his hat to her. She then told him what she had said to Phil.

"Ah! The colonel will be here in half an hour at the head of the regiment," said Mason. "He will

know what to do. Freeman, ride back and inform him of this."

Phil saluted and rode away at full speed.

It was a full three miles back to the head of the column and over a bad road at that, but Phil dashed over it like a thunderbolt. He knew that the situation was becoming serious—that the enemy was on the march. Dashing up to the colonel he saluted and told him what the lieutenant had sent him to tell.

"Did Lieutenant Mason send you alone?" the colonel asked.

"Yes, colonel."

"Were there no guides with him at the time you left?"

"They were all there, colonel."

The colonel was angry, but he said nothing. He ordered the regiment to move up a little faster and then rode on. Phil being by his side, he asked him a few questions which the latter answered the best way he could.

They soon came up with the scouts, and Mason introduced the young lady to the colonel as Miss Inez Alvarez, of both Havana and New York. The colonel was very gallant. He bowed low to the young lady, who was very beautiful, and rode by her side while she told her story.

"My father is one of the wealthiest planters in Cuba," she said to him. "He owns a great deal of property in Havana and in New York, besides three large estates in Pinar del Rio province. Two of the plantations have been destroyed. The third one, nine miles from here has been spared, because no attempt at cultivation has been made in two years. My mother and I went there two weeks ago from Havana to escape the bombardment of the city, which he feared might occur at any time. To-day a large column of Spanish soldiers reached the plantation. I soon found out they were moving to surprise and destroy the American army before any more could land. As soon as I could I slipped away to send news to your general."

"For which I thank you in the name of the whole army, senorita," replied the colonel.

"If I have rendered a service to the cause of Cuba, I am amply repaid in the knowledge of it, Senor Colonel," she returned.

"You have rendered a very great service to the cause, I can assure you," he remarked.

"Then I am glad."

"If the enemy finds out you have come to us it may fare badly with your mother," said the colonel.

"Tell me how I can best save her from that?"

"By driving the Spanish soldiers away from the place," she replied.

"But if they find out where you are, will they not harm your mother?"

"Yes, Senor Colonel, but I hope they may not do that ere your army strikes them. If you can give me a small escort I can get to the home of a friend and procure a disguise that will prevent recognition."

"You can have as many as you wish, senorita."

"Ten will be enough—with one or two Americans to lead them."

The colonel looked at Phil.

"Let me go, colonel?" Phil asked.

"Yes—take Joe and old Pedro. Let Pedro select the other Cubans," and then turning to the young lady added:

"He is one of the bravest lads in the American army, *senorita*."

She looked at Phil, who had gone to summon Joe and Pedro, and therefore did not hear the remark, and said:

"He is very young to be a soldier."

"Yes, *senorita*. He is the drummer boy of the regiment, and the other is the fifer. Yet they are the only ones who have thus far exchanged warlike compliments with the enemy."

Phil soon had his escort ready, and reported to the colonel, who said:

"You are to take care of the lady and leave her anywhere she wishes to go. When you have done that you are to return to the regiment. If prevented from doing so, return to the camp."

Phil saluted and the escort moved away. Old Pedro and the Cubans were jubilant at being placed in charge of Yankee Doodle.

"Why do they call you Yankee Doodle, *Senor Freeman*?" the young lady asked.

He laughed, and explained to her how the Cubans got him and the air mixed up. She laughed, too. But old Pedro spoke to her in Spanish and told her of the terrible combat with the Spanish scouts by Yankee Doodle and his comrade.

She looked at Phil in utter amazement when she heard the story.

"I can scarcely believe it," she said to the old Cuban.

"I saw the dead, and helped bury them where they fell, *senorita*," said the old man. "I helped carry the wounded to camp, and know that it is true. Our comrades here know that it is true."

"It is true, *senorita*," said the seven other Cubans, who were listening.

Neither Phil nor Joe knew what they were talking about, though they rode close by her side at the time.

"Tell him where you would go, *senorita*," Phil suggested to the young lady, "and he may know how best to get there."

CHAPTER VII.

THE CAPTURE AND RESCUE.

THE *senorita* wanted to go to a little village south of her father's plantation called Garcia. Pedro said he knew the place and could lead the way there.

She had an old nurse living there who could disguise her so that no friend could know her on sight. She wanted the fact that she had been seen with the American soldiers kept a profound secret, lest her mother's life be endangered and her father's property in Havana be destroyed by the Spanish army.

Pedro and the Cubans went on a little in advance,

piloting the way through a narrow path in the dense forest, while Phil and Joe remained with the young lady.

She was the most beautiful girl they had ever seen, about their own age and very lively. She spoke English, French and Spanish with equal fluency.

At times the way was so narrow they had to go in single file, when Phil would lead, she follow and Joe bring up the rear.

In a couple of hours they came to the little village. Inez put a handkerchief over her face so no one in the place would know her and then said to Phil:

"Now all of you remain hidden here till I go to my old nurse and get fixed up. If you were to go with me all the village would become excited and gather at the house. Give me the old man there as a guide, or rather as a servant, and I'll return within an hour."

"I will go with you, *senorita*," said old Pedro. "*Senor Yankee Doodle* will wait here for us."

"Yes, we will wait for you here," said Phil, and then she rode forward, old Pedro leading her horse in the manner so common in Cuba.

Half an hour later the old man came running back at full speed with a dozen Spanish cavalymen charging after him.

"Hello! The Spaniards are here!" exclaimed Phil, when he saw them.

"*Senor Yankee Doodle*, the enemy is here—they have taken the *senorita*!" said the old man, almost out of breath.

"Dismount, Joe, quick, and let 'em have it!" said Phil.

They both sprang to the ground, and, concealed by the bushes, aimed and fired at the oncoming Spaniards. The two foremost ones tumbled headlong from their saddles.

"Keep your men still, Pedro!" Phil said to the old guide.

"Si, *senor*," came from the old man.

Crack!

Crack!

Two more went down under the deadly aim of the two boys.

Crack!

Crack!

"*Caramba!*" gasped Pedro, as he saw six Spaniards lying out there. Six more remained, and they came to a halt, for they did not see the deadly foe they had run up against.

"Keep it up, Joe!"

Crack!

Crack!

Two more were hit.

Then the remaining four wheeled and put spurs to their horses.

Crack!

Crack!

They were getting it in the back now from those deadly magazine rifles. The last two were now two hundred yards away.

Crack!

Crack!

One went down.

The last one reeled in his saddle, and his horse carried him out of sight behind a house.

"*Caramba!*"

"*Diablos!*"

The dumfounded patriots were excited almost beyond control.

"Tell 'em to keep quiet, Pedro," said Phil to the old guide. "They must not see us if there are many more of them."

"There's a company there, *Senor Yankee Doodle*—nearly a hundred of them."

"Then we must keep cool," remarked, Phil. "Tell your men not to fire till I say so. The enemy must not see us."

The old man repeated his order to the seven Cubans. They were so amazed at what they had seen that not one would have disobeyed, even to save his life.

About fifteen minutes elapsed and a Spanish officer was seen up on the roof of a house, nearly a quarter of a mile away, scanning the woods on the edge of the village.

"Do you see him, Joe?" Phil asked.

"Yes," was the reply.

"Can you reach him?"

"I don't know. He's a good ways off from here. Give me your shoulder and I'll take a crack at him."

"Better adjust your sight first," suggested Joe.

Phil measured the distance with his eye as best he could and calculated it at a quarter of a mile. Old Pedro made the same guess.

"Well, I'll try it at that."

Joe stood with his back to Phil and the latter rested his rifle on his shoulder. The Cubans held their breath as they watched him take aim.

Crack!

The Spaniard on the roof was seen to wheel around twice, reel, and then go down on his knees, and descend a ladder.

"You hit 'im!" exclaimed Joe.

"*Yankee Doodle!*" gasped the Cubans, and then, despite orders, gave a suppressed cheer.

"Silence!" called Phil.

Where was Inez Alvarez during all that time?

She and old Pedro had turned into the street on which stood the little home of her old nurse, and suddenly found herself confronted by a company of Spanish cavalry—not over fifty yards away.

"*Caramba!*" muttered the old guide.

She leaned forward and said to him, in a low tone:

"Fly for your life, Pedro! They will not harm me, but would kill you! Tell *Senor Americano* to save himself!"

"Si, *senorita!*" and the old man darted away behind the nearest house and made a bee line for the woods.

Instantly a dozen horsemen dashed after him in hot pursuit. But he had a good start and did not have far to run.

What the result was has been told.

When only one man came back, and badly wounded at that, the Spanish captain was beside himself with rage. He turned to Inez and demanded to know who she was.

"I am Inez Alvarez, daughter of Don Jose Alvarez of Havana," she replied, seeing that concealment was no longer possible.

"Why are you here, *senorita?*"

"My mother and I were at our plantation ten miles from here. The Spanish army came there to meet the *Americanos*, and fearing to be near when fighting began, I came here to be with my old nurse. She lives in yonder house. I have nothing to conceal, *Senor Capitan.*"

"But who has shot down my men, *senorita!*"

"I know not, *Senor Capitan,*" and she shook her head. "My servant ran away and left me. I know nothing more."

The officer sent for the old nurse who seemed overcome with astonishment on seeing the fair Inez. She very promptly confirmed her statement as to having been her nurse. He was convinced that the *senorita* had told the truth; but he placed her under arrest in the house of the old nurse, and went up on the roof to see if he could locate the unknown foe who had played such deadly havoc with his men.

In five minutes he came down badly wounded, and a lieutenant took command of the men. He was laid on a bed in the house and a surgeon probed for the bullet. He soon got it.

"This is not a Mauser bullet," the surgeon said. "And was not fired by a Cuban."

The officers examined the bullet and agreed with him.

The lieutenant went to the fair prisoner and said:

"*Senorita*, el capitan was shot by an *Americano*, and you know all about it."

"I know nothing. I am in your power. The *Americans* have landed in Pinar del Rio, as all the world knows, but where they go and what they do, I know not."

"But why did your servant run away and leave you?"

"Because he fears you," she said.

"Why should he fear us if he is loyal?"

"Because he knows that many Cubans are shot on mere suspicion, which you well know is the case?"

"Are you loyal?"

"I am, but even were I not, would you make war on women?"

"No."

"Then my loyalty is not in question at all. Why do you not charge on the enemy and destroy him? He must be out there somewhere."

"We know nothing of their force. Military men avoid ambuscades. You must go with us to headquarters and from there to Havana."

"That means to Cabanas prison. Oh, you brave men of Spain! You fly from an unseen foe to bear away an unprotected girl as a prisoner of war!"

She was blazing with defiant wrath, and the young lieutenant recoiled from before her, saying:

"We leave in a few minutes, *senorita*, as soon as the captain can be comfortably fixed for the march," and then he left her.

She went to the rear of the house to see if there was any way of escape in that direction. There was none. Her old nurse was in such a panic she could give her no aid—not even a bit of advice.

"Oh, if I could but know what that marvelous young man means to do!" she said to herself, wringing her hands in an agony of suspense. "He has slain a dozen Spaniards already and they fear him for his deadly work. What shall I do! What shall I do! They mean to send me to Cabanas prison. Ah, I prefer death to that—yes, a thousand times. But he won't leave me to such a fate—that drummer boy—Yankee Doodle, they call him. He is my only hope now."

In a little while the lieutenant came to conduct her to her horse. She arose and went with him, knowing resistance would be worse than useless.

Out in the street the young officer assisted her into the saddle, and a soldier was assigned to the duty of leading her horse. The men were not yet mounted. They were looking after the wounded captain, for whom they had prepared a litter. The soldier led her horse up the street, so as to place her at the head of the column, and stood there, holding him by the bit, while waiting for the order to march.

A keen, whip-like crack was heard in the edge of the woods more than three hundred yards away, and the soldier released his hold on the bit, reeled and fell to the ground.

Inez Alvarez saw and understood it. He had been shot down.

Quick as a flash she seized the reins and urged her horse forward. The faithful steed bounded away like the wind. She guided him in the direction of the shot.

"*Caramba!*" yelled a petty Spanish officer. "Shoot her down! Shoot her down!"

A dozen men fired at her.

Her horse was hit in the leg.

He staggered and fell to his knees. She went clear over his head in a heap. But the next moment she sprang to her feet and ran like a deer.

The Spaniards fired again and bullets whistled all about her. She felt several tear through her skirts. Yet she ran on like the wind, and a score of Spaniards dashed after her.

Then she heard in front of her:

Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack!

She knew the young Americans were there trying to cover her retreat.

A Spaniard fell at every shot, but she did not look back to see. On, on she sped, and in another minute she dashed into the bushes and almost ran over Phil, who was kneeling and aiming at her Spanish pursuers.

"Oh, *senor!*" she gasped.

"Lie down back there, *senorita*," he said to her.

"They may fire again!" and then his rifle and Joe's snapped out their keen cracks in rapid succession.

Then the Spaniards wheeled and tried to get away.

"Now, Pedro! Tell your men to aim well and fire."

They did so—eight shots—and not a Spaniard was hit.

Alas! They were poor marksmen with the rifle, though deadly with the machete.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE SPLENDID WORK OF THE DRUMMER BOY.

THE Spaniards were out of sight in a minute, save those who had fallen under the deadly aim of the two young Americans. About a dozen more had dropped in the attempt to recapture the fair Cuban. Her horse was standing where she left him with a broken leg. Phil turned to her and said:

"It is safe to rise now, *senorita*. They have gone back behind the houses."

Inez Alvarez sprang to her feet, grasped his hand and kissed it."

"You saved my life, *senor!*" she exclaimed.

"If I had not done so, *senorita*, we should all have died trying to," he replied. "I am sorry your plans have failed or your horse hurt."

"I am more sorry for my horse than for myself, *senor*. Can you prevent them from getting back to their army? If they do so they will burn down our home and maybe kill my mother."

"We will do our best, *senorita*," he replied, "but it may subject you to a bit of rough work."

"Don't mind me, *senor*. I'll just keep up with you. I am not so easy to kill. Did you see me go over my horse's head?"

"Yes, *senorita*, and we all feared you had been shot."

"They never touched me, *Senor Yankee Doodle*. I sprang up and ran like a deer. It will take a very fleet runner to catch me if I am really frightened," and she laughed, "and I was frightened awfully."

"You are the liveliest young lady I ever saw," laughed Phil.

During all the time he was talking to her the Cubans were speaking of Yankee Doodle in tones of half suppressed admiration. He heard the name mentioned, and said to Pedro:

"Pedro, your men missed the Spaniards. Tell them never to pull the trigger till they have first aimed. It's a waste of ammunition."

He told them and they chatted about it—wondering why they failed to kill a Spaniard. Suddenly the old man said:

"Look! They will go out that way," and he pointed toward the east where a road leading from the village ran through two old canefields.

"We must have a few more of them before they go, Pedro," Phil replied.

"Come with me, *Senor Yankee Doodle*—this way!" and he led off through the woods on the left. They followed him. Phil reached out and took Inez Alvarez by the hand, saying:

"Come, senorita. We must move from here."

She went along by his side without a sign of fear on her pretty face. Old Pedro moved quite rapidly, for he was eager to reach a place whence a full view of the road could be had.

They soon reached the spot.

"Ah! It will cost them something to pass over that road out there," said Phil, when he saw the splendid chance he would have for a few shots at the enemy. "But you must not be exposed, senorita. They may fire on us and a stray bullet may find you."

"But where can I go, senor?" she asked.

"Get behind that tree there. It will protect you amply."

"I would prefer to remain by your side, senor."

"The thought of your danger would disconcert me, senorita. You have been in America and know how we treat our girls—shield them from all harm, even with our lives."

She laughed and said:

"Yankee Doodle must be obeyed, I suppose," and immediately took her place behind the tree.

The Spaniards were just appearing in the open.

Phil and Joe aimed and fired, and two cavalymen tumbled out of their saddles.

Crack!

Crack!

Two more went down, and the young lieutenant drew his sword and ordered a charge—to the astonishment of Phil and Joe. They came like a whirlwind up the hill, about thirty strong, the balance remaining to guard the wounded officer.

"Let 'em have it fast, Joe!"

How the magazine rifles cracked!

One could not miss now—they came so thick.

"Now, Pedro!"

The eight Cubans rose up and fired a volley almost into the faces of the Spaniards.

The horses reared and confusion followed.

"Yankee Doodle!" cried old Pedro.

"Yankee Doodle!" roared the other seven, and then the machetes came into play.

It was cut and thrust—a truly sickening sight.

Phil and Joe drew their revolvers and emptied them into the Spaniards. They dropped here and there. But the havoc was too much for them. They fled, leaving half their number lying on the hillside, right up to the edge of the bushes.

"Yankee Doodle! Yankee Doodle!" yelled the Cubans in frantic joy, as they saw the hated Spaniards fly.

Joe snatched up his rifle and began to fire again.

"Good!" said Phil, following his example. "Let 'em have it!" and so mercilessly did they pour into them their deadly bullets that the soldiers who were bearing the wounded captain dropped him and fled.

In a few minutes none of the command was in sight save the dead and wounded.

"Oh, Senor!" cried Inez Alvarez, running up to Phil, "you have defeated them! They have fled!"

"Yes, senorita. You are safe now, and can return to the village if you wish."

"I would like to have nurse know I am safe. I am sure she thinks I have been killed."

"Then you shall have the pleasure of telling her of your safety yourself."

"It is kind of you, senor."

"Ah! What would we not do for you, senorita! You must have another horse. There are several down there without riders. If you do not mind seeing such unpleasant things as dead men, we will go down there and see the captain whose men have left him at our mercy."

"I will go where you go, senor," she replied. "I want to let the captain see that I am still free."

"Come, then," and as he took her hand in his he found her trembling like a leaf.

"Ah! This is too much for you, senorita!" said he. "I'll send you to your old nurse at once," and he turned to tell Pedro to send two Cubans with her, when he saw that they were busy gathering the arms and searching the bodies of the dead soldiers.

"It is simply the excitement, senor," she replied. "I want to see the captain down there and let him know I am safe again."

"Do you know him?"

"No, senor, but he was harsh to me, and I denied to him that I knew who had fired on his men when Pedro ran away from me."

"Well, come with me. I can then escort you to your nurse myself," and he led the way down the hill to where the Spanish officer lay on the litter prepared for carrying him.

"Senor capitan," she said, as she reached his side, "these are the ones who fired on your command. Only two of them are Americanos."

"Pardon me, senorita, but I heard them shouting for Yankee Doodle and know that my men were pitted against trained soldiers of America who were in ambush."

"This is Senor Yankee Doodle, capitan," and she laid a hand on Phil's arm as she spoke.

"Yes, he is American, of course. Where are the officers?"

"He is the only officer present, capitan."

"But where are those who are not present? Whose prisoner am I?"

She repeated his words to Phil.

"Tell him he is a prisoner of war, and will be treated as such by the Americans."

"But where are the officers?" the capitan asked again.

"I am the only officer present," said Phil, through the fair Cuban.

"What is your rank?"

"I am the Yankee Doodle of the American army in Cuba," he repeated, trying hard to keep a straight face.

She repeated it, and the officer looked at him in a puzzled sort of way, as if he did not understand.

"You need attention, captain," said Phil. "I will

have you taken back to the village for the present," and he called to Pedro. The faithful old patriot came promptly.

"Send the prisoner back to the village, and see that he is well guarded. He must not be harmed."

"Si, Senor Yankee Doodle," replied the old man.

"Then tell your comrades to gather all the arms, bring them in and then bury the dead."

"Si, senor."

"Now, senorita, we'll go and see your nurse," and he tendered her his arm.

The villagers had heard of the terrible defeat of the enemy by this time, and began to flock to the scene.

That the battle had been fought by eight Cubans and two American boys they could not be induced to credit. It was too much for their credulity.

The old nurse was frantic in her joy when she saw the fair Inez alive and well. She caught her in her arms and cried over her.

Suddenly Phil turned to Joe, with:

"Great Scott, Joe! I must either go or send word to the colonel about this. I had forgotten all about it."

"Write a note and let Pedro send one of his men with it," suggested Joe.

"Yes—so I will. We'll have to stay here till morning, anyhow. We could never get through those woods at night."

Then he asked Inez to see if the old nurse could get him pen, ink and paper. The old woman had none, but did find them at a neighbor's. Phil sat down and wrote:

"DEAR COLONEL:—We are at a little village called Garcia, ten miles south of where we left you, on a big road. We ran into a company of one hundred Spanish cavalry, who captured Miss Alvarez. We hid in the woods and opened fire on them till we had knocked over about half of them, when they skipped, leaving their wounded leader in our hands, and we still have the young lady. As I think the enemy is trying to get round this way to flank you, I'll hold it till you send me word what to do. What shall I do with the prisoner?"

"PHIL FREEMAN."

When he had finished it he called in old Pedro, gave him the note, saying:

"See that the colonel gets that inside of three hours."

"Si, senor," said the old patriot, hurrying away. Ten minutes later two Cubans were hurrying away through the woods.

Night was coming on, and the burial of the dead was not yet finished. Ere the sun was down about thirty Cubans came into the village—men who had fled to the woods when the Spaniards arrived. They were all patriots, and grinning with glee over the defeat of the enemy.

"Senor Yankee Doodle," said old Pedro, "they want to join your command and serve under you. We need them. Here are arms enough for fifty. More than fifty will come in during the night when they hear the news."

"Let 'em have 'em then," replied Phil, who was uneasy at being so far away from the regiment with so few men. The old man gave out thirty Spanish Mausers inside of thirty minutes, with twenty rounds of ammunition. Then Phil told him to post sentinels all round the village for the night.

"By George, Joe!" he said to the fifer, "we have a command ourselves without dreaming of such a thing."

"Yes," laughed Joe, "and we may be in for a hot time, too, before we know it."

"Yes—we must keep a sharp lookout. One of us must keep awake and not depend on these Cubans altogether."

The old nurse was hard pushed to find food for the three, and the Cubans had to depend on the villagers for rations.

But during the evening a dozen Cuban women came to the house with baskets of provisions for them. They knew Inez Alvarez, and believed she would reward them in some way. She had a little money with her and gave it to them.

Joe was trying to talk to a pretty girl when Inez laughed, saying:

"She wants to know if you are a married man, senor?"

"Lord, no!" gasped Joe. "I am but a boy yet."

"Tell her that he wants a Cuban sweetheart, though," put in Phil.

"Yes—that's so," assented Joe, "for they are the prettiest girls in the world."

CHAPTER IX.

YANKEE DOODLE IN THE THICK OF THE FRAY.

WHEN Inez Alvarez retired for the night with her old nurse, she left the two boys in the front room of the little cottage. They were to sleep there on the floor. They had no blankets, for they had left them with the regiment.

But they cared little for that. They could sleep on a hard floor—one at a time. Joe went on guard first, revolver in hand, just outside the door, while Phil lay down and slept. Cubans were guarding the whole village.

The night passed without any disturbance, and Phil and Joe were up with the sun.

"Have your men come back yet?" Phil asked of old Pedro.

"No, senor," and the old fellow shook his head. "But every gun we got yesterday, has a man behind it this morning."

"Good! I've done that much for Cuba, anyway."

"Senor Yankee Doodle will make Cuba free," said the old patriot, his black eyes snapping and swarthy features all aglow.

"If you mean Uncle Sam it is true, Pedro. I have no command."

"We all want Yankee Doodle to lead us—we'll make an army for you, senor."

How the old fellow believed in him and his unerring aim.

"Do your men know how to shoot to kill, Pedro?" Phil asked.

"Not all, senor. They handle the machete better than the gun."

"We must teach them, then."

An hour later the two scouts sent out the night before came in.

One had a note from the colonel.

Phil snatched it from his hand and read it.

"Good for you, my boy!" it ran. "The Cubans here are cheering Yankee Doodle. Hold your ground till help comes and send me news of what happens. Keep a good watch on the road leading eastward. The enemy here has fallen back toward the trocha."

"We are ordered to hold the village, Joe, till help comes, and to watch the road toward the east."

"All right," laughed Joe.

Inez Alvarez then appeared, looking bright and beautiful as she greeted them.

"When shall we leave, senor?" she asked Phil.

"Where would you go, senorita?" he asked in return.

"To my mother. I fear for her safety, senor."

"She is safe; the enemy has retreated—so the colonel writes."

"Oh, Heaven be praised!" she exclaimed, in a burst of joy.

"And the colonel orders us to stay here till help comes," he added.

"Then you'll stay, and I'll stay, too?"

"Yes—that's the best thing to do."

"Si, senor. I am glad."

They soon had breakfast, and then Phil, with Pedro as interpreter, went out to see the Cuban recruits who had joined him.

As soon as they saw him they shouted for Yankee Doodle at the top of their lungs.

"I wish I had a thousand like 'em, Joe," said Phil, as he looked at the swarthy fellows.

Each man had a machete and a captured Mauser rifle.

"Pedro, I want to show 'em how to shoot to kill. Bring 'em out to the edge of the village," and he led the way.

They followed like a mob—with no idea of order whatever.

"Lord, but they need a lot of drilling," said Joe, as he watched them.

"Yes—so they do. Sorry I can't speak Spanish."

"Yes, but we know enough to make 'em 'walk Spanish,'" returned Joe, with a laugh.

"Oh, that's tough, Joe! Don't do that again. It would kill these fellows if they understood it—it's so old."

Joe laughed, and the two went on till they reached the open where the fight took place the day before. There Phil took his handkerchief, gave it to Joe and said:

"Go fix that up on that tree out there," pointing to a tree about one hundred and twenty yards away. Joe soon had it up, and, with the men in line, Phil beckoned to the first one to come to him. The fellow came, hat off, and Phil took his gun from him, saying:

"Now, Pedro, tell him I am going to show him how to use this gun—how to load and aim and fire."

"Si, senor," and the old man told him.

Then Phil emptied the magazine of the Mauser and showed the fellow how it was done. The man watched with eager interest. He then filled the magazine with cartridges.

Then with another gun he let the fellow do likewise.

He did it right.

Then he instructed him in sighting the target.

The fellow nodded his head to show that he understood, saying:

"Si, senor," at each nod.

"Now aim and fire at the target on the tree," he said.

The fellow raised the gun, took good aim and pulled the trigger.

He hit the handkerchief.

"Good!" and Phil patted him on the back.

They caught the word good and every man in line exclaimed "good!" and seemed eager to understand everything they heard.

He kept at it till every man had received his lesson. A dozen missed the tree and had to try it over. Then he told them how battles were won by shooting to kill.

"Never fire till you have aimed at your enemy," he said, "and then you'll kill him."

Then each man was allowed to step out and fire with the command of:

"Ready!"

"Aim!"

"Fire!"

Pedro saw that they understood the meaning of the words.

Then he gave them to understand a soldier's first duty—to obey orders, after which he drilled them in the simplest forms of marching in line, wheeling right or left and forming in twos and fours.

They soon caught it, for they were eager to learn, believing that when they understood the art of war they could conquer the hated Spaniard with but little trouble.

It was near noon when a scout came running in with the news that the Spaniards were coming again.

The men were excited and eager to be led against them, believing they had now learned enough to whip them. But Phil knew better.

"They may be too strong for us," he said to Joe and old Pedro. "We must find out what force they have. Joe, go forward with a dozen men, keeping out of sight, and I'll find a shelter on the brow of the hill up there."

Joe hurried off with the men assigned him, and Phil led the way up the hill to the edge of the woods. The woods were very dense. Phil found that several trees had been cut down and rolled against the bushes in clearing up the ground there some years before.

"Just the thing for us—a regular breastwork!" exclaimed Phil to old Pedro. "We can get behind these logs and control the road, if the men do not forget their lesson."

"They will not forget, senor," said the old patriot.

"Tell 'em to get over behind them, and to keep out of sight."

They quickly obeyed, and in five minutes not a man could be seen from the road.

He didn't have long to wait. Joe and the whole party returned.

"There's a regiment of 'em, Phil," Joe said. "We can't fight 'em."

"Why not?"

"Too many for us."

"Wait and see," said Phil.

"Thunder, Phil!" gasped Joe.

"Keep quiet now—and wait," and Phil turned to Pedro, with:

"Tell 'em not to fire till I say so, and to aim well before pulling the trigger."

The old man passed the word along the line, and then waited for orders.

A troop of Spanish cavalry just then appeared in the road.

"Now, Joe, let's pick off a few of them."

Crack!

Crack!

Two men tumbled out of their saddles, when the Cubans were heard to say, "good! good! good!"

"Now for their officers, Joe!"

Crack!

Crack!

Two officers were hit.

One reeled in his saddle and the other fell headlong to the ground.

Another officer having located the fire directed and headed a charge up the hill.

"Now, Cubans!" cried Phil, "aim well! Ready! Aim! Fire!"

Fifty rifles blazed over the logs and Spaniards tumbled out of the saddle—a full score or more.

"Good!" cried Phil.

"Good! Good!" repeated the swarthy fellows, waiting for another order to fire. Phil gave it and it was too much for the Spaniards. They broke and

fled down the hill, leaving some thirty or more men lying on the ground.

It was a new experience for them. Cubans generally were as poor marksmen as they were.

Just as the Spaniards reached the road again, the Cubans set up the yell of:

"Yankee Doodle! Yankee Doodle!"

The Spaniards then believed they had encountered the American army. Yet they had not seen a single soul up there on that hill.

They retreated, and a little later came the infantry.

"Keep cool now, men," said Phil. "They will return our fire. Keep well behind the logs!"

Pedro repeated his words, and they kept quiet. The Spanish officers gazed searchingly all along the wooded front for some minutes. Then Phil and Joe began to drop them. When four had fallen, the two companies in sight opened fire. The bullets went through the woods like hail.

Two Cubans were shot dead—bullets striking them in the head as they peered over the logs.

"Ready!"

"Aim!"

"Fire!"

The fifty rifles did a terrible execution among the Spaniards, as they were in plain view and massed together so they could not be missed.

"Good! Once more!" cried Phil, and a second volley followed.

The regiment fell back up the road and there met another one. They deployed upon the hillsides beyond the road, and began to send shower after shower of bullets into the woods.

"Great Scott, Phil! They have a battery!" exclaimed Joe, as the enemy was seen bringing four pieces of artillery up for action.

"Yes—we must slip out of this. Tell 'em to follow me, Pedro!" and Phil led the way higher up the hill a hundred yards out of the way.

There he waited till they had fired a round, and then he began picking off the gunners. Then followed a volley and retreat out of range.

"We must go down to the village and get Senorita Inez out of the way," said Phil to Joe. They are too many for us," and again he led the way, keeping well in the woods so as not to be seen by the enemy.

In half an hour they were in the village. Nearly everybody had fled. But Inez Alvarez was up on the roof of her old nurse's house on the lookout for the boys.

She fairly danced with joy when she saw them.

The four field pieces were still shelling the woods, making an awful racket.

"Oh, senor! I am so glad you have come!" she cried. "I would not go till I saw you safe!"

"Come, senorita!" said Phil. "We must fall back. They are here in force," and, as her horse was ready for her he assisted her into the saddle.

They had reached the lower end of the village when they saw some American scouts.

"Hello! There's Yankee Doodle!" cried one of them, and they dashed up to Phil.

"By George, but I'm glad to see you, boys!" exclaimed Phil. "Where is the regiment?"

"Coming—the colonel is not half a mile away," was the reply.

"Whoop! We'll have it out with 'em now. Joe, take charge of the senorita while I ride forward to meet the colonel and get my drum!" and he dashed away at full speed.

Ten minutes later he met the colonel, told him what he had done and then went after his drum. He kissed it when he got it, so eager was he to beat a charge upon it. Then he rejoined the colonel and told him

how he had fooled two regiments, held 'em in check and left them shelling the empty woods. The light of battle was in his eyes as he spoke. The colonel ordered the men to double quick it, and soon came up to where Inez and Joe were.

When Joe saw Phil with his drum he leapt from his horse, drew his fife and stood by his side.

"Who commands these Cubans?" the colonel asked.

"I do, colonel. We armed 'em with the guns we captured yesterday!"

"Yankee Doodle did it, senor colonel," sung out Inez Alvarez as she sat there on her horse.

"Let Pedro lead 'em, colonel," Phil said. "I'll do my duty here."

"You deserve a sword, my boy," said the colonel, and sheltered by the houses of the village he formed the regiment for the attack.

Then the order was given to advance, and they moved forward, knowing that in a few minutes more they would meet the enemy.

"Go up on the roof again, senorita!" cried Phil, "and see us do it. We are going to free Cuba now!"

"*Cuba Libre!*" came in fierce shouts from the Cubans.

"Yankee Doodle!" came from the same throats in the next breath.

"Charge!" yelled the colonel. "Sweep 'em from the earth!"

Then Phil beat the charge, and the fife fairly screamed above the roar as they ran on at the head of the line. The Cubans were dumfounded at seeing their young idol leading the charge that way, but when they saw the regiment following them they went in, too, with fierce yells of:

"Yankee Doodle!"

On swept the regiment, delivering a deadly volley as they charged.

How the drum and fife roared and shrieked amid the fierce charge of a thousand men!

CHAPTER X.

THE BATTLE—YANKEE DOODLE'S GOOD FORTUNE.

WHEN the Spaniards saw the regiment coming up from the village on the run, they believed the Americans were coming to the aid of those in the woods, little dreaming that none were there at all. But they stood their ground and turned the artillery on them. In the hurry of the moment, though, they did not get the range. The balls went over the heads of the soldiers and went crashing through the village.

On, on went the brave men, firing as they charged, Phil and Joe in the lead, the drum roaring out a fierce charge, and the shrill fife screaming like the American eagle.

"Take that battery, men!" yelled the colonel, and they went at it like a torrent that had broken down all its barriers. The Spaniards poured volley after volley into them, and many a brave fellow went down. But they pressed on and the cannoners fled. The infantry support gave way, and in another moment were flying from the terrible Americanos.

Then Phil changed to Yankee Doodle and Joe's fife shrieked it above the din of battle. They stopped at the battery, but the regiment went on in hot pursuit of the flying enemy. The Cubans, machete in hand, and yelling Yankee Doodle at every leap, pressed on like so many hungry tigers.

Even when a mile away the men of the regiment could hear the drum and fife and recognize the tune of triumphant Yankee Doodle.

Then the colonel recalled the men from the pursuit,

fearing they would be lost in the woods. They came back without any semblance of order, rallied at the captured battery and rent the air with their shouts of victory. Many prisoners had been taken—over one hundred of them—and among them were several officers. They were being brought in every minute as squads of Americans came back from the pursuit.

It was a complete rout of the enemy, and our boys were jubilant. Phil had ceased beating his drum, and said to Joe:

"I am going back to the village after Senorita Inez. She is there all alone."

"All right," returned Joe; "I'll stay here and see them come in with the garlic-eaters," and Phil hurried away, passing over quite a number of dead and wounded Spaniards on the way. He saw a Spaniard in a brilliant uniform lying dead near his horse, which was dying from a bullet in the neck.

"That's a fine saddle," he said to himself, as he saw the splendid saddle on the horse. "If I don't take it somebody else will," and he proceeded to possess himself of it. As the horse was lying on his side, he had quite a time in getting the saddle off. There was a big leather case or wallet, under the cantel of the saddle, which seemed to him to be extremely heavy. He unbuckled the flap, and found it full of Spanish doubloons.

"Whew!" he exclaimed. "Here's a fortune for a poor drummer boy! By the laws of war it's mine!" and he took the saddle upon his shoulder and went on down the hill with it.

It was fully a mile to where he expected to find Inez. There were horses roaming about over the open, their riders having been killed. He put down the saddle and caught one of them, put the saddle on him, mounted and rode away.

When he reached the old nurse's house he was dumfounded at seeing a part of the roof torn away, a cannon ball having struck it.

"Great Scott!" he exclaimed, looking around. "I told her to go up there and see the fight. She may be dead," and he leapt off his horse, tied him to the little shade tree in front of the house, and went in.

"Senorita! Senorita!" he called, going from room to room.

"Senor! Senor!" he heard her call.

"Where are you, senorita?"

"On the roof. I can't get down."

He ran up the little flight of stairs and found that the cannon shot had so torn the exit to the roof she could not return until the *debris* was partly cleared away.

"Are you hurt?" he asked.

"No, senor," she returned. "I was terribly frightened, though," and she smiled down at him through the opening.

"I'll soon get you down from there," said he, going to work pulling some of the splintered timbers out of the way. "Did you see the battle, senorita?"

"Si, senor, and heard your drum all the way up the hill. Oh, it was a grand sight! How bravely you Americans fight! The Spanish army can never get at you."

"Ah, you have got that down just right, senor. We are going to thrash them off the island."

He assisted her through the opening and led her down to the street.

"Where is your horse, senorita?"

"I saw him in the rear yard, but don't know whether he is there yet. Are we to leave here?"

"I don't know yet. What has become of your nurse?"

"I don't know. Everybody fled when the shooting began early this morning."

"She'll return when she hears how the battle went, I suppose. Do you wish to stay here till she comes back?"

"I am afraid to, senor—by myself."

"Then let me get your horse for you, and we'll go up to the battery."

He went out, and soon had her horse ready for her. Assisting her into the saddle, he mounted his captured animal, and they rode away together.

"Senor, you have changed horses," she said to him.

"Was yours killed in the battle?"

"No, senorita. I left him in charge of one of Pedro's men, but don't know where he is now. He'll turn up all right, I guess. At least I hope so, anyway, as he is a good horse."

When they came in sight of the captured battery the whole regiment began to cheer for Yankee Doodle. They had seen the hillside beyond the road covered with dead and wounded Spaniards, and knew they had not fought over that ground.

Joe had told the colonel how Phil had held the enemy in check there, with the fifty Cubans, till the regiment came up in time to save the village.

That was why the regiment was cheering him.

They gave him an ovation. The colonel shook his hand and thanked him in the presence of the whole regiment, saying at the same time:

"You ought to have a regiment of your own, and I am sorry I haven't one to give you, my boy."

"Oh, I led the regiment up to this battery, colonel," laughed Phil. "I am satisfied," and the laugh was on the colonel, who rode up to Miss Alvarez's side and said:

"I am sorry you have been put to so much inconvenience, senorita, since it is the result of your effort to warn us of the approach of the Spaniards."

"Senor Colonel, if I have rendered the cause of poor Cuba a service I am satisfied."

"You have rendered a very great service, senorita. But for you this fight here would not have occurred, and we should have been compelled to fall back to avoid being flanked."

"Then I am doubly glad, but tell me, Senor Colonel, did they destroy my home or harm my mother?"

"No, senorita. They made a flank movement at once and tried to get round between us and our main army, but I didn't know that till Yankee Doodle sent me information of what had happened here."

"Senor Colonel, that boy ought to be promoted. He is the bravest of the brave."

"I agree with you, senorita. He has amazed me by his wonderful work. He not only stood the enemy off for hours with a handful of Cubans, but beat the charge on his drum right up to yonder battery. There's his battlefield over there on that hillside. Look at the dead Spaniards there!" and the colonel pointed to the hill on the other side of the road.

"I believe he buried as many more yesterday, Senor Colonel," she said.

"Yes, so they tell me. We have many brave men in our army, senorita."

"Yes—yes—they are all brave men."

Then Phil came up on the horse he had picked up, and the colonel said to him:

"Phil, I place Senorita Alvarez in your charge. See that she is properly protected."

"I will, colonel. Is she a prisoner of war?"

"No. We are all her prisoners," was the gallant reply, and then he bowed to her and rode away.

"What a gallant soldier he is, senor!" she remarked.

"Indeed he is. Here comes Lieutenant Mason, now. You remember him."

"Yes—we met yesterday."

The lieutenant rode up and bowed to her.

"Oh, senior lieutenant!" she greeted; "what a splendid victory your army won to-day—and so quickly!"

"Yes, senorita," he replied; "it is the American way—to strike quick and hard when we come face to face with the enemy. How have you fared since I saw you yesterday?"

"Oh, what have I not been through?" she exclaimed. "The Spanish soldiers captured me yesterday, but Senor Yankee Doodle soon rescued me. Then I was on the roof of a friend's house when the battle opened to-day, and a cannon ball nearly tore the roof to pieces. Again he rescued me, as I could not get down till he came after me."

The lieutenant had not heard of that, and was astonished. He was very angry with Phil on account of what the colonel had said to him the day before, about sending him back with news of the enemy instead of sending one of the Cubans. He looked around at him and asked:

"Where is your drum, Phil?"

"Joe has it now," was the reply.

"You had better get it and keep it by you. You don't know when you may be needed with it."

"The colonel has detailed me to look after Senorita Alvarez, sir," Phil replied.

"Eh! What!" and Mason glared at him. "When?"

"Not more than ten minutes ago, sir," and Phil saluted as he answered him.

"Is that so, senorita?" the officer asked, turning to Inez.

"It is true, Senor Lieutenant. But did you doubt his word?" and the look of amazement in her face caused the young officer to blush and say:

"It is quite unusual, senorita, to assign a drummer boy to such delicate duty."

"I didn't know that," she said. "But had the colonel asked me to choose a protector I should have asked for him, Senor Lieutenant, for he has risked his life for me several times in the last twenty-four hours."

"I guess you are of a romantic turn, senorita," he remarked, smilingly.

"Your colonel must be so, too," she quickly replied, "for he sent him with me yesterday, and he proved himself true to his trust. I am so glad he did not get hurt to-day as he led the charge up the hill there."

It was a hard one for the conceited young officer, and hurt all the more because Phil heard every word of it. The latter looked up at him quizzically, and from that moment the lieutenant was his bitterest enemy. He bowed to her, and said he would have to leave her.

Phil turned, and said:

"I am at your service, senorita."

"Then let's return to the house. Nurse may be there now."

They rode down into the village and found that the women and children were fast coming, the news of the victory having reached them. They were in great fear, though, for both Cubans and Spaniards had shown little respect for the rights of non-combatants up to that time. The Americans were a new and third party in the war, and, in their ignorance, they did not know how they would behave.

"Tell them, senorita," said Phil, "that the American soldiers protect women and children even though they belong to the enemy," and when she did they

were happy. The old nurse soon showed up, and when she saw what damage had been done to the roof of her little home, she burst into tears.

"Tell her I'll give her money enough to put a new roof on her house, senorita," said Phil.

"Have you so much money?" Inez asked him with a sudden eagerness.

"Yes—plenty, senorita."

"Can you lend me a few pesetas? I came away from home with no money and I don't know when I can return."

"Yes, senorita, one hundred—two hundred—five hundred—as many as you wish," he replied.

"Oh, dear! How generous you Americans are! One hundred would be too much!"

"Here's five hundred. Give your good old nurse enough to put a new roof on her house here, and keep the balance," and he gave the amount in doubloons. A peseta is twenty cents in American money, so the amount he gave her was one hundred dollars. He had thousands in that leather wallet.

"I will return it to you, senor," she said as she took the money. The old nurse was given four hundred pesetas and they cured her grief instantly. It was enough to roof three or four houses like hers.

CHAPTER XI.

YANKEE DOODLE GIVES THE COLONEL HIS PRIZE TO BE SENT HOME—JOE CAPTURED BY THE ENEMY.

THE regiment encamped at Garcia that night, and the soldiers talked over the incidents of the day around the camp-fires.

Nearly every soldier had some personal experience to tell that was of absorbing interest to the others.

The Cubans went in search of Yankee Doodle. They were the last to come back from the pursuit of the flying Spaniards, and did not bring in a single prisoner. Their machetes told a terrible story, though. The poor fellows had some frightful wrongs to avenge, and so they did not want any live Spaniards.

Phil had just hidden his treasure when the Cubans found out where he was. Old Pedro was with them. He told Phil that they wanted Yankee Doodle to lead them.

"I shall have to see the colonel about that, Pedro," he replied to the old man. "I am in his command and must obey his orders."

He wanted to see the colonel anyhow about the money found in the saddle wallet of the dead Spanish officer. So he went to the colonel's headquarters. There were other officers there who received him with a good deal of warmth.

"Colonel, I want to see you privately just a minute or two," he said, as the officer grasped his hand.

The major and lieutenant-colonel instantly left the tent to give the colonel the privacy asked for by the drummer boy.

"Well, what is it, Phil?"

"I want to know if a soldier has the right to keep money found on the battlefield?"

"Yes, unless it is the army chest of the enemy. Then it's like other munitions of war. Have you found any?"

"Yes, sir," and then Phil told of his find.

"Oh, that was no doubt the personal property of the Spanish officer," explained the colonel, "and you are fairly entitled to keep it. How much money was in the wallet?"

"I don't know, sir. I have had no chance to count it yet, but there must be several thousand dollars, though."

"Indeed! What are you going to do with it?"

"I want to send it home to my mother, but don't know how."

"Leave it with me, and I'll see that it goes to Key West, where it can be sent to New York."

"Thank you, colonel. That's what I wanted to ask you to do. I'll bring it to you at once," and he left the tent to return to the village.

He was gone an hour or so, and then came back with the leather wallet. He had a dirty handkerchief tied around it to avoid attracting attention, and handed it to the colonel, with:

"There it is, colonel."

"All right, Phil," was the officer's reply, as he took it in the presence of two other officers. He was amazed at the weight of it, and saw that the drummer boy had fallen upon a small fortune. It took but little time for him to put it among his private baggage.

Phil then returned to the tent where Joe was waiting for him.

"Where have you been all this time, Phil?" the fifer asked.

"Been looking after the senorita," was the reply.

"The bye falls to more good luck than all of us," remarked Sergeant McGuff, who messed with them.

"It's because I make more noise than all the rest of you, sergeant," he laughed.

"Sure, and so you do. In time of war it's the min as makes the most fuss who gits all the repetations," observed the sergeant, who was fond of making what he believed to be wise remarks.

"Well, we made a good deal of noise here to-day, sergeant," returned Phil, "and they'll hear of it in both Europe and America. I saw you get a Spaniard on your bayonet and toss him five or six feet away. I am going to tell the colonel about it in the morning, and he'll report it to the general."

"Yes—I saw that, too," put in Joe, "and saw him holler."

"Saw him holler?" exclaimed Phil.

"Yes—you were making such a racket with your drum I couldn't hear him."

The sergeant was beaming. He was glad to have two witnesses of his exploit.

"Sure, me byes, whin you lead us right up forinst 'em what must we do but stick 'em?"

"Of course," laughed Phil. "That's what Joe and I wanted to do. We knew if you got up to 'em you'd toss 'em over."

The big sergeant was his friend for life from that moment.

It was a late hour when the boys rolled in their blankets to sleep. Phil dreamed of his mother and sister far away in the North, and wondered if they would hear of his battle with the Spaniards. He promised himself to write to her the next day. But when the morning came the colonel sent for him to come to his tent. He hurried away to see what was wanted.

"Phil," said the colonel, "you have cast a spell over these Cubans. I can do nothing with them, as they are not in the service of the American army. I want to send them out as scouts, for they know all the country, but they won't go unless Yankee Doodle leads them."

Phil laughed, and the colonel added:

"You have done so well with them I think you had better go with them again. I want to keep an eye on the movements of the enemy, and those Cubans can get closer to them than we can. They will obey you, so go ahead; but don't run into danger. Keep your eyes open."

"When must we start, colonel?"

"Right away."

He ran out and hunted up old Pedro. He was down in the village. The old man was overjoyed, and the word went round that Yankee Doodle wanted the Cubans right away.

"Senorita, I am to be gone for a day or two," Phil said to Inez Alvarez, as soon as he found her. "You will be as safe here as anywhere else, I guess."

"Senor, will you go by my home?" she asked, eagerly.

"I don't know, senorita. We are to go in search of the enemy."

"If you see my mother tell her I am well and safe. I fear she is terribly grieved on my account. Tell her where I am."

"If I get near your home, senorita," said he, "I'll see her if I have to cut my way to her."

"I know you will, senor. Adios."

"Adios, senorita," and he was off.

Over two hundred Cubans, armed with machetes and rifles went out of the camp hurrahing for Yankee Doodle. They were a motley crowd, unkempt and undrilled. Some of the officers laughed and others looked serious.

"No wonder they want him," said some of them. "He never uses any discipline with them."

"Guess they wouldn't stand any discipline," remarked Lieutenant Mason. "He doesn't know how to command discipline."

"All the same," said the major, he has handled them better than any one has ever done before."

"Yes, indeed," assented Captain Graham. "They believe in him, and that means a great deal among soldiers."

And so it does.

Joe asked permission to go along with Yankee Doodle, and the colonel consented. Old Pedro was his right hand man to give his orders to them in Spanish. They had already caught several words of English. They understood the meaning of the word charge.

They went along the main road leading toward the trocha, jubilant and confident enough to charge upon a thousand Spaniards if Yankee Doodle should tell them to do so.

Phil sent two scouting parties of ten men each, to go on in advance, instructing them to keep half a mile apart, and not to engage in any fight save to defend themselves.

They obeyed him faithfully.

Ten miles up the road the scouts came flying back, followed by a troop of Spanish cavalry. Believing them to be a mere handful of rebels who were scouting for the Americans, the Spaniards tried to ride them down and destroy them.

Phil quickly ordered his men into the woods, and they were hardly out of sight, ere the Spaniards hove in sight, coming at full speed.

"Keep cool now, men!" cried Phil. "Don't shoot till I give the order, and then aim and shoot to kill!"

Pedro repeated his order, and then they waited for the enemy to come up abreast of them. The little party of scouts were still in sight down the road, and the vengeful Spaniards were hot after them.

"Cubans—fire!" cried Phil, firing the first shot himself.

The Spaniards were not more than thirty feet away from the concealed Cubans, so but few missed being hit. The execution at such close range was simply frightful. They went down in heaps in the road, and riderless horses went dashing here and there—most of them going on down the road, where they were secured by the scouts.

Those of the enemy who were not hit wheeled, and rode back at full speed to report the whole American army at hand. The Cubans set up the cry of:

"Yankee Doodle! Yankee Doodle!" and made the welkin ring with it.

"Tell 'em to keep quiet, Pedro!" sung out Phil to the old Cuban.

In a couple of minutes they were quiet, waiting for orders from Yankee Doodle. He ordered the arms gathered up and it was quickly done.

"We've no time to bury the dead," said Phil. "Let's push on and see what force they have before us," and he led the way, leaving the dead and wounded to be attended to later in the day.

In a little while they came in sight of the famous Spanish trocha, which extended clear across the island, and was guarded by a line of sentries and block houses. Beyond the trocha they saw a strong force of the enemy.

"We can't go any further in this direction, Joe," said Phil, as he saw the strength of the enemy.

"No, of course not. You ought to let the colonel know of this, though."

"Yes; take ten men and ride back. I'll show up by night, I guess. I'll have to see those fellows back there buried, I suppose, and hanged if I know what to do with the wounded!"

"We'll have to take care of them, of course."

"Yes; we are not savages."

Joe took ten Cubans, among them one who could speak English, and rode away to carry the news to the colonel of the regiment encamped at Garcia.

Phil remained several hours near the trocha watching the movements of the enemy. He saw that regiments were hurrying to defend the line at that point, and that the enemy was under the impression that an attack was imminent.

Not having any tent with him, he resolved to go back, bury the dead and leave a guard of Cubans to take care of the wounded.

When he reached the spot he saw four Cubans lying dead in the road. Knowing that none were there before, he called Pedro to investigate.

To his horror he found that they belonged to the little escort of Cubans who had gone back with Joe.

"Then something has happened to Joe, Pedro!"

"Si, senor," assented the old man.

"See if any of these wounded men will tell us anything about it."

The old man went to a wounded Spaniard not more than fifty feet from the spot, and asked:

"Who killed those men there?"

"I don't know," was the reply in Spanish.

The old man drew his machete and split his head open at one blow.

"Now, you," said he to another wounded Spaniard a few feet away, "tell me who slew those four men out there—those Cubans."

"A company of Spanish soldiers came out through the woods over there and killed them, capturing the others," said the fellow, anxious to avoid the machete in the fierce old man's hand.

Pedro repeated to Phil what he said.

"Which way did they go?" Phil asked, very much excited.

"Back the same way."

CHAPTER XII.

"SURRENDER! SURRENDER!"—SENORA ALVAREZ!

PHIL was staggered when he learned that the fifer was a prisoner in the hands of the Spaniards. To go on to the camp without making an effort to rescue him was not to be thought of for a moment.

He at once detailed fifty men to bury the dead and take the wounded back to the camp, after which he asked old Pedro to find a man who understood how to trail through the woods, as he intended to follow the

captors of Joe Bailey to the very sentinel lines of the Spanish army, if necessary.

A dozen men were found ready to lead the way on the trail. He was about to make the start when the thought occurred to him that there must be another road out in that direction and on inquiry he found that he had hit it right.

"They cut across there to avoid running into us on their way back to camp," he reasoned. "I'll go back a couple of miles and make a new cut through the woods, and thus head 'em off before they can reach the trocha."

To resolve was to do, and they hurried away almost at full speed. After going a little over two miles, old Pedro told him he knew of a road that ran straight to the other.

"Where?"

"A mile further on—but it's pretty near to the trocha, senor."

"Can they see us?"

"No, senor."

"Then lead on to it," and again they dashed forward along the road. Soon they struck the little narrow road and turned into it. It was really a footpath, as two men could not ride abreast through it. They went in single file and at a brisk trot. Half an hour later they struck the road they were in search of. It led direct to the trocha.

Phil examined the road to see if the cavalry had passed. So did old Pedro, but they could find no traces of a body of horsemen having passed there that day.

Then we'll go westward and meet them, said Yankee Doodle, sending a half dozen men on ahead as scouts.

One, two, three miles were passed and then Phil began to fear the enemy he was in search of had not yet come out of the woods.

Suddenly old Pedro stopped.

"What is it, Pedro?"

"Senor—they have gone on ahead of us," said the old man, pointing toward the tracks made by a troop of horses coming out of the woods.

"Where would they go in that direction?" Phil asked.

"To the Alvarez plantation, senor."

"The home of Senorita Inez?"

"Si, senor."

"Then we'll go on. We may be able to render Senora Alvarez a service."

"Si, senor. They mean to burn it. They now know that the senorita is with the Americanos."

"Ah! You may be right. How far away from the plantation are we now?"

"About six miles, senor."

"We can get there before night," and they rode forward briskly till they came in sight of the cabins of the laborers on the Alvarez place. The laborers were not there now. Nothing was being raised on the place save what vegetables for the table the garden might supply. Said Phil to the old man:

"Halt now, and let the men conceal themselves till we find whether the enemy is here."

Those Cubans could beat the rabbits in dodging into the bushes. In half a minute they were all out of sight, yet close at hand.

Old Pedro went forward to spy out the place.

He came back in a hurry.

"They are here, senor," he said, "and are going to shoot our people."

"The prisoners?"

"All but Senor Joe. He is not a rebel, senor."

"They are going to shoot the Cubans who were with him?"

"Si, senor."

"How many Spanish soldiers are there?"

"About seventy, I think."

"Where are they going to shoot the prisoners?"

"Down by the sugar house. They are marching them there now."

"Can we get at 'em?"

"Si, senor, if we are quick."

"Then we must be quick. Call the men out on foot."

They were called out.

"Now, lead the way, Pedro!"

"Come!" hissed the old man, and they went four abreast behind him and Phil.

There were three sugar houses on the place, all pretty close together. The old patriot led the way up behind one of them, crept into it through a doorway, and halted at the exit on the other side, from which they could see the Spanish soldiers drawn up in line.

Up against the sugar house on the left stood six Cubans, bound, standing ready to be shot.

The firing squad were waiting for the order to aim.

"Spare all the officers out there," said Phil. "We want to take them alive if we can. Now, ready, aim, fire!"

About one hundred and thirty Cubans fired in a volley, and every man in the Spanish firing squad went down. A score or more of the others were hit, and so great was the surprise of the survivors that all sense of discipline was lost.

"At 'em, men!" cried Phil.

"*Cuba Libre!*"

"Yankee Doodle!"

"Down with Spain!"

The swarthy fellows dropped their rifles on the floor of the old sugar house and went at the foe machete in hand.

They were at home with that weapon. They knew it never failed them when they once got in striking distance with it.

Crash!

Slash!

Cut!

Whack!

How the deadly blades worked!

A few Spanish soldiers undertook to defend themselves by clubbing their rifles and retreating toward the house where Joe was kept under a guard as a prisoner of war.

Phil saw the Cubans hewing them down and cried out to them:

"Surrender! Surrender!"

"To whom?" demanded the Spanish officer in command.

"To the American army!" returned Phil. "I am an American soldier!"

"I surrender to you, then!" and he tendered his sword to Phil.

"Cease fighting, men!" yelled Phil.

"Cease fight!" roared old Pedro, in Spanish. "Yankee Doodle orders it!"

They ceased to hew and cut, but seemed angry that they could not finish the job.

"I see you understand English, sir," said Phil to the Spanish captain. "Tell your men to throw down their arms."

It was done, and the Cubans quickly removed them out of the way.

"You had a comrade of mine as a prisoner, captain," said Phil. "Where is he now?"

"In the house there—under guard, Senor Americano."

"Order your guards then to bring him out."

The captain raised his voice and called to the guard to bring out the American prisoner.

But no response came.

Phil looked at him suspiciously and he repeated the order.

Still no response.

"Capitan, if you have harmed a hair of his head I'll hang *you* and every prisoner with you to yonder tree!" said Phil, his eyes blazing with fierce wrath.

"Senor Americano, I left him in the house with an officer and a file of soldiers. The lieutenant may have made his escape with him."

"I will soon find out about that," and he summoned Pedro and a score of men to go with him to the house. He found no soldiers or prisoner there. Madly eager he went from room to room, till he found Senora Alvarez and a maid servant in one of them.

"Ah! Are you Senora Alvarez?" he asked.

"Yes, senor," she replied, looking at him. "Are you an American?"

"I am, senora. I am looking for a comrade who was a prisoner in here but a few minutes since."

"They fled with him ten minutes ago—out through the rear and to the woods beyond."

"How many soldiers were with him?" Phil eagerly asked.

"Some eight or ten, with a young officer, senor."

"Pedro, go in search of them as far as you can," and he turned to the old Cuban at his side. "If it becomes too dark for you to see the trail, come back here."

The old Cuban hurried away with his men, and Phil was left alone with Senora Alvarez and her maid.

"Senora, have no fear. The Spaniards out there are prisoners, who are not dead."

"Senor Americano, it is awful, this war, in which no human life is safe," said the lady, with a shudder.

"Si, senora; but we have come to put a stop to it—to drive Spain out of Cuba. I also have news of Senorita Inez, your daughter."

"Oh, senor," and she sprang to her feet with both hands extended toward him; "where is she? Is she well and safe?"

"Well and safe, senora," he replied. "She is with her old nurse at Garcia. I saw her this morning, and promised her if we should be in your vicinity, to call and tell you so."

She burst into tears of joy, dropped into a seat, and seemed utterly overcome with emotion. He stood uncovered before her, and told her much of what the fair Inez had been through with since she left home.

"And she is well and hearty, senora," he added, "and as soon as our army advances so as to place your home in their rear, she will return to you under a strong escort."

"But she has no money—not a peso, Senor Americano—nor has the good old nurse. How can she live?"

"I saw that she was well supplied, senora. Do not worry on that account. Excuse me, now. I must go out and attend to the prisoners we have captured."

"Senor Americano, if any of your brave men are wounded bring them in here. The house is at your service."

"Thanks, senora. I do not think any of our men are hurt. There are many Spanish soldiers hurt, but they can find shelter in the sugar house," and then he bowed himself out and made his way back to where the prisoners were surrounded by a group of angry Cubans, who wanted to cut them down because they were about to shoot six of their comrades when the fight opened.

He knew one of the men could speak English, so he called out:

"Attention, Cubans!"

They all turned and listened to him, though not a half dozen understood what he said.

"Only savages shoot prisoners of war. Spain has done that for centuries, and that is why all her colonies wish to leave her. Cubans must show to the world that she is better than Spain—that she is more civilized and humane, by treating prisoners of war in accordance with the rules of civilized warfare. Let no hand be raised against your prisoners except to see that he does not escape."

One of the young Cubans repeated his words as fast as he uttered them, and they had a very marked effect on them. The prisoners, though, openly resented being called savages, and the Spanish captain, who spoke English fluently, said to him:

"Senor Americano, a brave man would not insult a soldier in misfortune."

"Say you so, capitan!" exclaimed Phil, turning upon him. "Only cowards and savages murder prisoners of war."

"All nations shoot or hang rebels and traitors!" hotly retorted the Spaniard, "and Spain has done no worse than other Christian nations."

"In our war of Secession, capitan," said Phil, "we never killed a man except in fair fight, and when the armies of Secession surrendered we never hanged a man. We shook hands with them and were friends. They are now coming over to Cuba to show Spain how civilized nations conduct war. Spain is not yet quite half civilized, but she will learn a lesson soon that will be worth something to her if she has the wisdom to profit by it."

CHAPTER XIII.

THE QUEER EXCHANGE OF PRISONERS BY YANKEE DOODLE.

THE Spanish captain did not say more. He was not in a position to do so, and had sense enough to see it. The Cubans around him thirsted for his blood and he knew it.

Pedro returned without having been able to follow the trail of the file of soldiers who had escaped from the house, and reported the fact to Yankee Doodle.

"Senor capitan, your lieutenant got away, taking my comrade with him. As we are quite near the trocha it is probable he will make his way there as fast as he can. If you will write a letter to your general and say that you are a prisoner in our hands, and that you can be exchanged for the young American whom your lieutenant carried away, I will let one of your men go back to your lines with it."

"I shall be only too glad to do so, Senor Americano," replied the captain.

"Then come to the house with me. I presume we shall find pen and paper there. Senor Pedro, see that the prisoners are guarded well, and let our men take their rifles again; put out sentinels all round the place and see that no one passes them without the password."

"Si, senor," said the brave old fellow.

"Now, come with me, capitan," and Phil went with him to the house. Senora Alvarez was a very refined woman, and treated them accordingly. Yes, she had pens, ink and paper, and the maid brought them to him, after which she left the room.

The prisoner sat down and wrote the letter as Phil had suggested.

But it was in Spanish, and Phil could not read a line of it.

"Read it to me, please," he asked, and the captain read it to him in English.

"Very well. You may select the most trustworthy of your men to be the bearer of it. Of course

you understand that if any monkey business is played by your people your life will pay for it."

The captain looked at him in a puzzled sort of way and asked:

"What do you mean, senor? I don't understand you?"

Phil laughed, and said:

"Excuse me; I used an Americanism," and then explained what he meant.

"Oh, that's what you call 'monkey business,' is it?" and the captain himself smiled. "You need not worry. Spanish officers respect a flag of truce at all times."

"Those Cubans out there have the impression that they do not, capitan," Phil replied.

"Oh, they have no military standing at all. They are rebels—outlaws."

"They are men like you and I, capitan, and should be treated as such. Call in your man and I will give him the letter."

The captain went out to the piazza and called to a non-commissioned officer to send Villardes to him.

But the prisoner could not come unless Yankee Doodle gave the order, and Pedro himself went to Phil to know about it. Phil explained the matter to him, and then the prisoner was sent to the house. He was a sturdy old Spanish soldier who had seen much service, and the Spanish captain told him what was wanted. He very promptly said he would carry the letter to the general and then he went away, Phil sending a man to pass him beyond the pickets.

"Now, captain," said Phil to the prisoner, "I let you say what you wished to to your man without knowing what you said. You understand now what we mean by monkey business, I hope?"

"Yes, I gave him no instructions but such as you desired. I am as anxious to gain my own liberty as you are to regain that of your comrade."

"Very good. We'll try to make ourselves comfortable here. The senora kindly offered me the hospitality of her house, and I presume she will permit me to offer it to you; I will see her," and he went in search of Senora Alvarez.

He found her and her maid in the same room where he last saw her. All her servants had returned from the woods, and were in the kitchen. She very kindly told him to order what he wished, everything being at his command.

"Nay, senora," and he shook his head. "I will order nothing under your roof. I am simply your guest and wish to remain as such."

"Senor Americano, I am grateful to you for your words. I will see that you are made comfortable."

He thanked her and returned to the Spanish captain, whom he found out on the piazza gazing up at the stars. They engaged in a long conversation. The captain was dumfounded at learning that Phil was only a drummer boy of an American regiment, and that the other boy, for whom he was to be exchanged was his fifer.

"*Caramba!*" he hissed; "I'll never hear the last of it! Captured by a drummer and exchanged for a fifer! *Caramba! Diablos!*" and he paced up and down on the piazza like an enraged tiger.

"It is the fortune of war, Senor Capitan," said Phil.

"Fortune has played me a trick—one of your monkey business tricks! Me, Captain Argueller, of the Spanish army, exchanged for a fifer! *Diablos!*"

"Well, my comrade may feel as badly about it as you do," said Phil. "It is the fortune of war."

"*Diablos!*"

It was a hard one, but the prisoner had to bear it.

"How is it you are in command of these Cu-

bans here—you, a mere youth—a drummer?" the captain asked, suddenly changing the subject.

"They do not belong to our army, so none of our officers would undertake to handle them, seeing how undrilled they were," Phil replied. "They feared they would be disgraced. So far, I have won more fame with them than even the general of our army," and Phil laughed in his boyish way. He told him why they called him Yankee Doodle and how the Cubans stood by him.

The captain listened in amazement. It seemed incredible to him, a trained soldier of many years.

"Senor," he said, "you have the making of a good soldier in you."

"Senor capitan, I thank you," replied Phil, making a profound bow before him. "I assure you I appreciate your good opinion."

In due time Senora Alvarez sent her maid to announce supper and the two followed the girl into the dining-room.

The senora had a smile on her face when she saw the Spanish officer a prisoner. Only a few hours before he had taken possession of her home, and haughtily threatened to burn it down on leaving the place, to prevent the enemy from enjoying its shelter.

But she did not utter a word to add to the humiliation of the captain. She saw he felt it keenly enough.

With a strong guard around the house Phil did not have any fears about the safe keeping of his prisoner, so he let him have a room to himself and sleep undisturbed.

When another day dawned, Phil sent out scouts toward the enemy's line with instructions to keep him informed of all they saw. Then he spent four hours instructing the Cubans in the art of aiming and shooting to kill.

It was about noon when news came that a small party of Spanish cavalry were coming with a flag of truce.

Phil drew up his Cubans in line and waited for them to appear.

To his amazement he heard of a company of scouts from the American army in his rear. Ten minutes later Lieutenant Mason appeared at the head of a score of boys in blue.

Phil saluted him and the lieutenant returned it in a rather stiff way as he rode up. The Spanish officer was by his side. The other prisoners were in the sugar house, strongly guarded.

"Whom have you here, Phil?" the lieutenant asked.

"Captain Arguellera of the Spanish army and twenty-seven men, lieutenant. We captured them last evening."

"What are you keeping them here for? Why don't you send them to the rear?"

"I am waiting for Joe, sir."

"Where is Joe?"

"He was captured by the enemy and I've offered an exchange. I expect him under a flag of truce every minute."

"What!" gasped the lieutenant. "Have you been communicating with the enemy without authority! You are under arrest, sir."

Just then the flag of truce appeared, and Phil recognized Joe in charge of a Spanish officer. The party halted and waited for the exchange.

"Lieutenant, there's Joe now. I will exchange this officer for him and then report to you."

"What! Exchange an officer for a private! Never! You are under arrest, sir!"

"I am going to get Joe Bailey, lieutenant, even if I am shot for it!"

"If you move I'll fire on you!" and the lieutenant drew his revolver as he made the threat.

"*Caramba!*" growled old Pedro. "Senor Lieutenant, if you harm Yankee Doodle I fire on *you* and all your men!" and the resolute old patriot covered the lieutenant with his rifle.

Phil laughed at the lieutenant, and said:

"They'll kill you sure, lieutenant. I am in command here—not you. Come, capitan," and he took the Spanish captain by the arm and led him out to the flag of truce.

"This will get you into trouble, Senor Freeman," said Arguellera, as they went forward.

"Yes. The lieutenant is my enemy, but I fear him not. It is in violation of the rules and regulations, but as I am only a private who has tried to do right they won't do me any harm I guess."

"Well, if the fortune of war should ever place you where I am now, be sure you ask for me. I will be your friend in such an hour."

"Thank you, capitan."

"Hello, Phil!" cried Joe.

"Hello, Joe! Glad to see you, old man!" responded Phil.

"Glad to see you, too," and the two boys shook hands when they met, as did the Spanish officer and the lieutenant in command of the flag of truce. The exchange was soon made, and Phil returned with Joe, whom the Cubans received with hearty cheers.

Lieutenant Mason sat on his horse, white as a sheet, under the guns of the swarthy Cubans. He dared not move. The twenty scouts behind him looked on in amazement.

"Now, lieutenant, we have twenty-seven prisoners in yonder sugar house. I am going to take them back to Garcia and turn them over to the colonel. You can go where you please," and then he ordered the guards to bring out the prisoners.

"Report yourself as under arrest when you get there," said the lieutenant.

"I shall do nothing of the sort, sir," Phil replied. "I shall tell my side of the story to the colonel, and you can tell yours. I may have violated the regulations, but I have done right and am willing to take the consequences."

Old Pedro shouted:

"Yankee Doodle!" and every Cuban took it up, sending it ringing over the old plantation.

Phil went to the house to take leave of Senora Alvarez. She burst into tears, and besought him to take good care of her daughter, Inez, saying:

"Dear old Nina will be as a mother to her, I know, but in times like these, the strong arm of man alone can protect the helpless."

"The whole regiment will defend her with their lives, senora. They have learned to love her," and then he bent over her hand, pressed it to his lips and was gone.

When he came out Lieutenant Mason had ordered his scouts forward, and they were disappearing in the direction taken by the Spanish flag of truce.

"I wonder if the fool will interfere with them?" he said to himself, as he looked after them.

He did intend to, but Captain Arguellera urged the party to ride at full speed in order to escape them. Mason followed them till he came in sight of the trocha.

Then a body of Spanish cavalry dashed out after him and he fell back, only to be intercepted by another troop, which had come into the main road from the woods. A fierce fight ensued. But the Spaniards were ten to one, and so the lieutenant and his scouts were overpowered and captured, half of the party being killed or wounded.

When Arguellera saw Mason again he smiled sarcastically, and said:

"I am glad that drummer boy of yours does not command your army in Cuba. He would give us a deal of trouble."

"We'll give you trouble enough," the lieutenant replied.

"You did not, though," was the retort, and the captain turned away from him.

In the meantime, Yankee Doodle hurried back to Garcia with his prisoners. They got there by sunset, and Phil at once reported to the colonel, telling him his story in detail.

"It was a mistake to send a flag of truce to the enemy, Phil," the colonel said. "Only the officers can do that. It may make trouble for you."

"But I didn't send any flag of truce, colonel. I didn't even write a line or send a message. I let the prisoner do that, and released one of his men in order that he might carry it to the Spanish lines."

"And you never hoisted a flag of truce at all?"

"Not once, colonel, and I got Joe back, too."

The colonel emitted a real old fashion hoarse laugh, slapped Phil on the back, and said:

"That's the best thing yet, my boy! You have slipped through the rules and regulations with the ease of an eel going through the mud. Mason simply made an ass of himself," and he roared again and again over the incident, thinking Phil had been shrewd enough to do the thing without making himself liable for it. The truth was that Phil never gave the matter any thought at all. It all happened that way without any connivance on his part.

Phil went to see Senorita Inez, and gave her the message sent by her mother. The girl was rejoiced and asked him a thousand questions.

Two days passed, and nothing had been heard from Mason's scouts. He should have sent back at least three reports daily while out.

"They have been picked up by the enemy, I fear," muttered the colonel. "I must get some of the Cubans to go out and find out about him."

Old Pedro was sent for and asked to send out some spies to find out what had become of Lieutenant Mason and his scouts.

"He is a prisoner of war, senor colonel," the old man said.

"Ah! How know you that?"

"Some of our men brought the news in last night," and then he told the colonel how the capture was made. That officer was surprised as well as grieved. They were brave men who went out with Mason and it was a serious loss to the regiment.

While the colonel was thinking the matter over a picket corporal came in with the report that a flag of truce was in front of his post. The colonel immediately sent Captain Willis to find out about it.

It was a Spanish soldier with a letter from the commandant at the trocha, in which there was an offer to exchange a Lieutenant Mason for any private Spanish soldier in the American camp.

The colonel was surprised when the note was interpreted to him.

"That is meant as an insult to every American officer," he said. "I'll offset it by giving up ten private Spanish soldiers for him. Tell the bearer of the flag that we will exchange in no other way."

The bearer of the flag of truce went away, and a day passed, when the same thing happened again. But this time the flag-bearer bore a letter from Mason, begging to be exchanged on any terms.

It was made, and late that day Lieutenant Mason reached his regiment again, and all the officers crowded about him to hear his story. He had a big

yarn to tell, and he told it with a good deal of flourish.

Then he turned to the colonel with:

"Do you know that your boy drummer has been in communication with the enemy?"

"No!" and the colonel seemed surprised.

"Well, he has!"

CHAPTER XIV.

THE COLONEL AND LIEUTENANT MASON—PHIL SENT ON AN IMPORTANT ERRAND.

WHEN Lieutenant Mason had told his story, the colonel remarked:

"Lieutenant, it is not true that Phil sent a flag of truce to the enemy."

The field officers of the regiment, as well as nearly all the company officers were surprised. The lieutenant started, and seemed astonished.

"I beg your pardon, colonel, but it is true. I saw the exchange of prisoners myself."

"That may be, sir, but you never saw but one flag of truce, and that was borne by the enemy, was it not?"

"He sent a man to the enemy the night before, with a letter to the general commanding at the trocha."

"Who wrote that letter, lieutenant?" the colonel asked. "Phil can't speak Spanish, you know."

"I presume Captain Arguellera did the writing."

"So Phil says, and signed his own name to it. Phil then released a Spanish soldier and let him take the letter to his lines—all to save his fifer. Now, Lieutenant Mason, I want you to say here in the presence of your brother officers, whether or not you think Phil Freeman did wrong in what he did."

"I commend him for his effort to save Joe, but think he did wrong to hold any communication with the enemy. A private soldier has no such right, colonel."

"He has, sir, when there is no officer present. He is then in command there. Is it true you ordered him under arrest?"

"It is. I believed it my duty to do so," was the reply.

"Well, I hope there are no other officers in this regiment with your ideas of duty, lieutenant," and the tone in which the remark came had a sarcastic ring about it that everyone present instantly recognized.

Mason turned away and went to his quarters, feeling more bitter in his hatred of Yankee Doodle than ever before.

The next day orders came for the regiment to push on and hold the road clear up to the trocha. The main army was on the move and a battle near the trocha was imminent. Phil hastened down to the village to see Inez Alvarez.

"Senorita, we are all moving forward. I believe the entire army is advancing. You will be in the rear and can go to your home unmolested. Shall I send an escort for you?"

"Yes, senor, if you think I shall need one," she replied.

"Of course you will need one. A beautiful young lady cannot be too carefully guarded in times like these."

She smiled, extended her hand to him, saying:

"Senor, you are both thoughtful and gallant. I would feel safe anywhere in the world under your protection. You can send as many as you think best to see me safely with my mother. When shall I see you again, Senor Freeman?"

"That is more than I can say, senorita. I don't

know where we shall stop. But if I can get near enough to you to get a peep at you I shall do so."

"Senor, I owe you a debt of gratitude. You have been as a brother to me. Let me assure you that a welcome will always greet you on the threshold of my father's home. Please say as much for me to Senor Bailey, too. I should like much to see him ere you march."

"If he can get away I shall send him down with the escort to see you, senorita. My advice to you is that you do not leave here till the army has passed. Adios, senorita."

"Adios, senor."

He kissed her hand and went away.

Half an hour later he was with old Pedro, to whom he said:

"I want ten safe, trusty men to escort Senorita Inez to her home when the army has passed—to guard her well till she is with her mother. Can you get them for me?"

"Si, senor."

"Do so, then, and tell them I shall some day reward them for their services."

An hour later ten Cubans, well armed, reported at the door of the cottage in which Senorita Inez had taken refuge.

"Who sent you here?" she asked.

"Senor Yankee Doodle," was the reply, "and we are to die in your service if it becomes necessary, senorita."

"He told me not to leave here till the army had passed."

"Si, senorita. He told us to obey you in all things, and we are here to do so."

"Then we shall wait till the army has passed. You will keep a guard about the house till we leave?"

"Si, senorita."

"I thank you, senors. Cuba will soon be free, and then all will be well with us."

"*Cuba Libre!*" burst from the ten swarthy fellows.

"Have you food, senors?"

"Only the rations from the Americanos, senorita."

"Here are ten pesetas. Buy what you need," and she handed the money to their leader.

Not one of them had any money, and ten pesetas seemed like a small fortune to them.

Then came on the breeze the roll of the drum and the shrill notes of the fife, as the regiment started on the march. She listened and the air of Yankee Doodle was recognized.

"It's Yankee Doodle," she said.

"Viva Yankee Doodle!" roared the ten Cubans.

"*Cuba Libre!*" she added.

"*Cuba Libre!*"

"Viva senorita!"

She had caught the war spirit and was as enthusiastic as any of them. The Cubans from that moment seemed to worship her.

The regiment went on up the main road leading to the trocha, scouts going ahead to see that they did not run into an ambush.

The colonel also instructed the scouts to look out for the advance of the main army on the other road.

They were pretty near all Cubans, but were to report to Captain Ward, who was in command of the scouts that day.

Captain Ward was a fine soldier, a strict disciplinarian, who knew nothing of the way the insurgents had been fighting Spain. Their lack of discipline and dislike of its restraints soon caused an ugly feeling among them. They sent back for Yankee Doodle; but the colonel told them to report to Captain Ward, and all would be well.

Finally about one hundred and fifty of them got together and asked the colonel to let them have Yankee Doodle to lead them. But night came on, and the regiment went into camp within a couple of miles of the trocha. As nothing had been heard from the main army, the colonel was uneasy at finding himself so close to a large force of the enemy.

He sent for Phil to come to his tent at once.

Of course, Phil lost no time in doing so.

"See here, Phil, my boy," said the colonel, "these Cubans don't seem to care to serve under anybody but you. It's the queerest thing I ever heard of. You are the only one who has been able to get good service out of them. Here we are now, up against a big force of the enemy, and utterly in the dark as to the whereabouts of the rest of the army. I want you to see if you can get some of them to find out where the other regiments are before morning. Do you think you can do it?"

"I don't know, colonel. I'll do my best, though."

"Well, when one does his best he can do no more. Go ahead."

He went in quest of old Pedro.

When he found the old man, the latter said the Cubans were angry with Ward. He had treated them in a way they didn't like and would not scout with him again.

"Will they go with me?" Phil asked.

"Si, senor. They want you. They say they never fail to win when Yankee Doodle is with them."

"Well, tell 'em Yankee Doodle is with 'em now. I want to find out where the rest of the army is, for we may have to fight a great battle for Cuba to-morrow. I think they are over on the other road that runs by the Alvarez place."

"Si, senor. I will see if they are," said the old man.

"Tell 'em I shall wait up to hear from them," said Phil.

In ten minutes the old man had two scouting parties making their way through the woods.

When he returned to Phil, the latter asked him how many Cubans were in the camp at that time.

"About two hundred, senor."

"How many of them understand English?"

"About a dozen, senor."

"Have all of them got rifles?"

"Si, senor."

"Do they know how to aim at and hit the enemy?"

"Si, senor. They say you have shown them how to kill Spaniards."

"Good! I am to lead them to-morrow. I will go and see them now," and the old man led him to the part of the camp where the swarthy fellows were resting in the open air. It was not so dark but they saw and recognized him. They sprang to their feet, exclaiming:

"Yankee Doodle! Yankee Doodle!"

He shook hands with every man of them, and was surrounded by them for over an hour. When they heard that they would probably have a chance at the Spaniards the next day, they could hardly restrain themselves, so great was their joy.

It was about sunrise when a party of the scouts came in. They had found the Americans encamped at the Alvarez plantation, but knew nothing of the intentions of the general. Old Pedro at once went to Phil with the report.

"Good!" said the youth. "Now, how far are we from them?"

"About seven miles, senor."

"Through the woods?"

"Si, senor."

"Come with me, then," and Phil led him to the col-

onel's tent, who heard the news with a good deal of satisfaction.

"They are seven miles away and we within two of the trocha," said the colonel. "I must send a note to the colonel telling him where we are. Get me a good runner, Pedro."

"Si, Senor Colonel. Write the note and I will find the man."

The note was hastily written and the old man hurried away with it. In ten minutes a Cuban was on his way to the general.

In the meantime extra scouts were sent out in front to keep an eye on the enemy. They kept in sight of the trocha all the time, and saw four regiments of Spaniards march southward on the other side of the line.

Old Pedro told Phil about it.

"Pedro, they are preparing for a fight."

"Si, senor, but where are they going?" said the old man.

"I don't know. Can they get into our rear by going down that way?"

The old man thought for a minute or two and then looked up at him quickly, with:

"Si, senor—if they know the way."

"What is the way?" Phil asked.

"There's a road from the old Robledo place, which is about two miles from the trocha, that runs into this one at the Montigo plantation. By marching nine miles they can come in behind us here, senor."

Phil at once went to the colonel again and told him of the movements of the four Spanish regiments—and of Pedro's explanation of the roads below.

"Thank you, Phil," said the colonel. "I'll think about it."

Phil went away and met Joe, who said:

"We are pretty close to 'em, Phil."

"Yes, so we are, but I'll bet we are closer before sunset to-day."

"Are we going to have a fight?"

"I think so. They are liable to rush at us at any moment. They have a big crowd, you know."

"Yes," and Joe looked off in the direction of the trocha and thought of his experience over there as a prisoner.

Half an hour later the colonel sent for Phil.

"I want you to go down on that other road with the Cubans and watch the enemy," the colonel said to him. "I would not like to be caught between two fires. Keep me posted. Those Cubans are so at home in the woods that ten thousand Spaniards can't catch them. Don't be rash, though, my boy."

Phil at once sent old Pedro for the Cubans. He asked to have Joe go with him and the colonel consented. In twenty minutes they were off, over two hundred strong.

They had to march fast, for it was necessary to get there first, as Joe hinted. Scouts went on ahead and the main body followed.

Every man had his rifle and machete. Phil wore a sword for the first time in his life, with a rifle and revolver—a pretty formidable armament. He had a rifle which was a deadly weapon in his hands, and one he was very much attached to.

In a couple of hours they had reached the deserted plantation described by Pedro, and there waited for news of the enemy.

CHAPTER XV.

CONCLUSION.

THEY did not have long to wait.

The scouts came in and said the Spaniards were coming at a brisk pace.

Phil immediately sent a courier with a note to the colonel, saying:

"They are coming in considerable force. Will hold them in check as long as I can."

Then he turned to the Cubans and said:

"Boys, they are coming. They are ten to one, so we must be careful and not let 'em get us in a corner. The thing you have to do is to obey orders quickly and hold your ground till I call you away. There's an old stone sugar house over there which we could hold against a thousand Spaniards; but we have no rations, so we could not hold it two days, so we must not let 'em get us in a corner."

"Good! Good!" cried the swarthy fellows, when old Pedro repeated his words to them. They had caught that word and its meaning. They saw that Yankee Doodle was cool and knew what he was about.

"Let no man shoot until he has aimed well and is sure of hitting his game. Don't waste a bullet. Now we'll go back up the road and wait for a chance to give 'em a blow. About face! March!"

They were pretty well up now in his style of drill, and obeyed him promptly. They retreated a mile to a wood that afforded both concealment and protection. There he put them into position to await the enemy.

The scouts reported a Spanish company of horse in advance of the regiments.

"We'll settle those fellows," Phil said. "We'll let 'em pass us and attack 'em in the rear. They will wheel to get back to their command and we'll finish them. Let none escape."

Some twenty minutes later the Spanish cavalry appeared in sight. They were making a forced march in the hope of surprising the American regiment in front of the trocha—a piece of good strategy on their part.

When they had passed the ambush Phil ordered fifty Cubans to open fire on their rear.

A dozen men dropped out of their saddles. The Spanish captain at once wheeled and charged back to avoid being cut off from the main body.

"At them, Cubans!"

The roar of two hundred rifles made the woods echo for miles around, and half the cavalrymen went down in the hail of bullets.

The remnants drew their sabers and made a wild dash at the Cubans, who swarmed out into the road.

How the repeating rifles cracked!

How the Spaniards dropped!

They were at close quarters now, and every shot counted.

The Spanish captain was in the thickest of the fight, cutting like a madman with his sword.

Phil suddenly recognized him.

"Hello, capitan!" he cried. "Surrender, or it may be your last day on earth!"

"Never! Senor Americano!" and he charged his horse at Phil, who raised his revolver and aimed at his breast.

Old Pedro rushed up, and with a blow of his machete shattered the captain's sword. Then a half dozen Cubans pulled him off his horse.

"Surrender and live, captain!" cried Phil.

"Senor Yankee Doodle, I am again your prisoner," said Captain Argueller.

"I did not hope to meet you so soon, my dear captain," said Phil.

"Nor did I. But the situation will change within an hour. You cannot escape us now, Senor Americano."

"Oh, I don't know. I am not caught yet."

"Hello, cap!" sung out Joe, on seeing him, "back again?"

The prisoner made no reply.

The company was almost wiped out, about ten or a dozen cavalymen escaping through the woods.

"Quick, men!" cried Phil. "Get the arms of the enemy! Joe, take the captain's horse there—it's a fine one!"

Joe promptly caught the charger by the bit and sprang into the saddle. Phil put a guard over the captain and sent them hurrying to the rear with him.

Not many minutes were spent in gathering up the spoils of the fight. The Cubans ran about among the dead and wounded, picking up arms and other plunder, and catching the horses that were not hurt. When that was done Phil ordered a retreat, lest the enemy should come upon him in force.

Captain Arguellera was the only prisoner secured. The Cubans did not care to take any, and the Spaniards didn't wait to be taken. It was not a pleasant thing to fall into the hands of either Spaniard or Cuban forces.

Phil hurried forward, leaving a rear guard, or rather a few bold scouts, to watch the enemy. To his surprise he could not hear of any farther advance by the enemy. He did not know that on coming up to the spot where Arguellera's company had been wiped out, the Spanish column stopped, fearing that a great force was in their front.

As they could see nothing of the enemy, the Spaniards were suspicious. They stopped and sent out scouts in every direction. All that gave Phil the time he wanted. He pushed on and an hour later met the head of the regiment.

When the Cubans saw the colonel and the regiment they yelled and shouted:

"Viva Yankee Doodle! We'll kill the Spaniards now!"

Joe rode up on the captured horse of the Spanish officer, and the colonel was admiring the splendid charger when the prisoner himself appeared under guard.

Phil immediately introduced him to the colonel, who shook hands with him, saying:

"I am glad to see you, captain."

"Pardon me, colonel, if I say I do not feel at all glad over meeting you thus," returned the captain.

"Quite natural, captain. It is the fortune of war."

"It is an ill fortune when an officer, trained in the strictest military school in Europe, is twice captured by a drummer boy—once exchanged for a fifer. If a greater degradation can befall an officer, I don't know what it can be."

"There is no degradation in that, my dear captain. That boy is the Yankee Doodle of the American army in Cuba. It may be—if your army can hold out long enough to afford him the chance to work out his destiny—you may yet live to boast of having been captured by him."

"He is a marvel," said the captain; "but I cannot understand a system that sends out a drummer boy with commands like his."

The colonel laughed.

"He has no command in our army. He simply goes out with the Cubans in quest of adventure, and they, seeing his merit, obey him as my men obey me. I shall try to make it as pleasant as possible for you, captain."

Just then a courier dashed up with orders from the general. The colonel instantly read them, wrote a note and handed it back to the courier who wheeled and dashed away with it. Then the colonel ordered the regiment into a line of battle. The woods there

were open, and the underbrush was pretty well out of the way.

He was to wait there till the main force came up.

Captain Arguellera saw Joe on his horse and asked for the wallet that was strapped to the cantel of the saddle. Joe was about to take it off and give it to him, when Phil said to him:

"Better see the colonel about that, Joe. There may be important papers in there."

"Yes," said Joe, "I never thought of that." And he rode away toward headquarters.

Phil spurred his horse after him, and said:

"Joe, there's Spanish gold in that wallet, probably. Go through it and take it. It is yours by right of capture."

"Are you sure of that, Phil?"

"Yes, unless it is government money. In that case you'll have to give it up, as it is public property."

They rode into the woods and searched the wallet. There was nearly one thousand in gold—Spanish doubloons—in it.

Joe's eyes bulged.

"What shall I do with it?" he asked Phil.

"Keep it and send it home to your mother," Phil advised.

"How in thunder can I keep so much money in camp?"

"Put it in your knapsack till you can get a chance to send it home."

"What shall I do with the wallet?"

"Are there any papers in it?"

"No—no writing of any kind."

"Then tell the colonel, as the captain may ask the colonel for it."

"Shall I tell him about the money, too?"

"Yes; it's best you should."

They went to their quarters and Joe stored the gold in his knapsack, after which he reported to the colonel. "That's all right, my boy," said the colonel, ere he had half told his story.

Soon the main army came up, and the line of battle was strengthened. The Spaniards, thinking the single regiment alone was before them, made a desperate assault.

Whatever may be said of Spanish soldiers, they are not cowards. They charged fiercely and the Americans had their hands full for a while. But the cool steadiness of the boys in blue, their terrible accuracy with the rifle and irresistible charges finally pushed the enemy back.

Suddenly the cry of:

"Yankee Doodle! Yankee Doodle!" rang out over the battlefield, and hundreds of Cubans, led by Yankee Doodle, burst upon their flank, machetes in hand, and a horrible massacre ensued. Nothing could withstand them. The Spaniards fled in a panic. The Cubans pursued, hewing them down at every step.

"Who is leading those Cubans, colonel?" the general asked.

"My drummer boy, general."

"Ah! He is Yankee Doodle! I've heard his story—the whole army has. How fiercely they fight! Order your regiment forward. We must go through the trocha to-day and cut the Spanish army in two. Forward the whole line!"

With a wild cheer the boys in blue dashed forward and kept after the enemy right up to the trocha. There the Spaniards made a stand, but all in vain. The boys in blue cut through and routed them with a wild rush.

The day was won and the enemy retreated towards Havana.

The Cubans were frantic in their joy. They sur-

rounded Phil, raised their blood-stained machetes in the air, and yelled:

"Viva Yankee Doodle!"

"Viva Americanos!"

Phil waved his hat above his head, crying out:

"Viva Cuba Libre!"

"Remember the Maine!"

"Down with Spain!"

Oh, they were wild and tigerish in their joy!

Their chains were breaking.

The sun of Cuban freedom was rising, and, bleeding at every pore, the sons of Cuba were greeting it.

"This is not discipline!" remarked the general to his staff, as they looked at the scene, "but it is a spirit that makes men terrible in battle. We should not discourage it."

And they did not discourage it. No patriot could think of trying to.

But they gazed at the drummer boy in the center of that surging mass of howling patriots, and wondered by what magic art he had so won their hearts.

When quiet was restored Phil saluted the general, who returned it.

"Phil, here's a Spanish drum!" called out Joe, a little distance away.

Phil leaped from his horse and ran to it. He hung it to his neck. Joe had his fife—he never was without it—and the next moment the notes of Yankee Doodle filled the air.

Instantly every American soldier cheered at the top of his lungs. The general and all his staff waved their hats and joined in the chorus of cheers.

The army encamped on the battlefield after burying the dead, and waited for news from the fleet ere making a move on Havana.

The next day Phil was going about among the companies in the regiment, when a Cuban insurgent ran up to him, crying out excitedly:

"Senor Yankee Doodle!" seized him by the arm, and pointed to where the Cubans were encamped. He ran with him, knowing that something had happened which the man wanted him to know about. There they met a crowd gathered around a wounded Cuban who had just come in. An interpreter at once said to him:

"Senor Yankee Doodle, the Spanish have Senorita Alvarez again. This man alone of her escort escaped alive. He says she called loudly for you when they were dragging her away."

Phil was staggered. He recognized the man as one of Senorita Inez's escort. From him he learned that on the evening before a party of Spanish cavalry surprised them, killed her guards, burned down the house, and carried the senorita off toward Mariel.

"Where is Pedro?" he asked.

"Gone out with some scouts on the Havana road," replied someone.

"I want one hundred men to go with me to the rescue of the senorita. Will you go?"

Every man on the spot volunteered to go, and he hastened to get leave from the colonel to go.

"Yes, of course," said the colonel. "Do what you can for her. She did what she could for us."

In a few minutes he was back among the Cubans. He wanted guides who knew all the roads leading to Mariel. He soon had plenty of them.

"I want to get on the main road to Mariel as quick as possible, to head off those fellows. Mount now, and go like the wind!"

In five minutes more they were off, going by routes through the woods that only those familiar with the forests could follow. They were forced, at times, to lie flat on their horses to avoid being swept off by the limbs of the trees.

It took them four hours to strike the road. The guides then made an investigation and decided that the enemy had not passed that way.

Scouts then went down the road in search of them. An hour later news came back that the enemy was destroying a tobacco farm five miles below.

Phil hastened to surprise them and succeeded beyond his most sanguine hopes, for they were so scattered over the place that Senorita Inez was rescued without a shot. The two guards with her at the house were cut down by machetes.

"Oh, Senor Yankee Doodle!" she cried, on seeing him. "My heart kept telling me you would come!" and she threw herself into his arms. "I am safe where you are!"

"Joe!" he called out to the fifer, "kill or capture every man of those fellows out there!"

"Charge, Cubans!" sung out Joe, and the patriots went at them like so many tigers. Taken utterly by surprise, the majority of the enemy surrendered. A dozen were killed, and not more than that number got away to tell the story.

After an hour's rest they started back, taking a route that would lead them by the home of the senorita's mother. She rode by his side all the way, very quiet, for her heart had slipped from her and gone to the daring young American boy drummer. But neither she or he suspected the truth. It was near sunset when they came in sight of the old home she loved so well. What a happy meeting between the anxious mother and loving daughter! How the latter sang the praises of Yankee Doodle! Had he not thrice rescued her from the Spaniards?

She was safe now, for the old home was too near the American army for the enemy to dare approach it. Phil so assured both mother and daughter, and early the next morning resumed the march for the camp with his prisoners.

When he reached there he had about thirty Spanish prisoners, had killed a dozen, and had not lost a man. When the facts became known he received the plaudits of the whole army.

He went to his quarters, took up his drum again, and resumed his duties in the regiment. The camp was to be a permanent one to cut off the supplies of Havana in the rear, while the blockading fleet kept the sea door closed tight.

One day great bags of mail reached the camp from the States. Every man in the different regiments received one or more letters. Phil got a half dozen. Two were from his mother; she had received the doubloons sent by the colonel and was happy, and, oh, so proud of her brave boy whose name was in all the papers and on everybody's lips—calling him Yankee Doodle, the Boy Drummer.

He shed tears of joy over the letters, and went about his duties as though in the old armory in New York. What his fate may be the god of battles only knows. He is still there at his post, fearless and true, having lost the name by which he was christened in the more famous one of YANKEE DOODLE, THE BOY DRUMMER.

[THE END.]

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